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Catholics and the New Deal

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

April — 1935

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NAZI MENTALITY

LOGIC OF DEMOCRACY

A TEXAS SHRINE

IN KINDERGARTEN AMERICA

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

APRIL, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NAZI MENTALITY

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad" was —and is—a good old apothegm. But recent events seem to indicate the need of a revised version: Whom the gods would destroy they first make ridiculous. Perhaps it is the same thing. To be ridiculous and not to know it is to be mad. So long as we can laugh—a healthy laugh—we are sane. When we cease to laugh, especially when we cease to laugh at ourselves, we are insane. When the sense of humor goes, sanity goes with it. And no sense of humor is complete unless it enables us to see how funny we are. Hence, to cure a crazy man, get him if possible to laugh at himself.

NOW, for example, see Hitler and the Hitlerites. I have read a good deal about their kind of lunacy. Some of the descriptions and arguments were ponderous, loaded with logic, all but back-broken with philosophical, psychological, anthropological, ethnological arguments. It's all a mistake. Hitlerism can be disposed of in a couple of pages, and at that a couple of pages contributed by Hitlerites. It has been done. In the New York *Nation* for February 6th John Gunther, the Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* does a neat job with no word of his own except a few headings, "Religion," "Art," "Morals," and so on. It's all over in ten minutes' reading time. And when it's over, it's over. It's the *coup de grâce*, administered to the Nazis by themselves. Why go to the bother of murdering a man if he is agreeable enough to do the messy job himself? Or rather, why murder him when you can laugh him to death? Mrs. Eddy had the idea that one could be killed by thought. That theory may be debatable, but it appeals to the imagination. You needn't shoot a man—and go to the electric chair for it. All you have to do is to send a murderous thought in his direction. If your aim is good, he drops and that's all there is to it. But the business is simplified even more, at least as far as your conscience is concerned, if he himself plunges a thought like a stiletto into his heart. This is just what the Nazis have done.

The Nazi Brand of Lunacy

ENOUGH! let's observe them in the act of committing *felo de se*, first making our acknowledgments to Mr. Gunther from whom we borrow a few of the excerpts he has clipped from the Nazi press:

"Christ cannot possibly have been a Jew. I don't have to prove that scientifically. It is a fact."—Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda.

"Hitler is a new, a greater, and a more powerful Jesus Christ."—Alois Spaniol, leader of the Nazis in the Saar.

"The Pope is a Jew whose real name is Lippmann."—*Völkische Beobachter*, official Nazi newspaper.

"Though their historical forms come from the Orient, all religions are derived from German monotheism, because the Nordic race originated religion."—Professor Hermann Hollander, Nazi theologian.

"Adolf Hitler is the real Holy Ghost."—Dr. Kerrl, chairman of the Prussian Diet.

"Roman Catholics are the black vultures of German nationalism and the drummers of discord in the German nation. We will not stop until we have scratched them out of the lives of the German people."—Storm Troop Leader Ammerlahn.

"The creator of mankind appeared 2,000 years ago in the form of Christ. Today God reveals himself to the German people again in the form of Hitler."—*Welt des Kaufmanns*, trade paper.

"The Germans have no feeling of guilt or that they are born sinners. Even if the German sins he does not lose direct connection with God."—Professor Frederick Hauer, of Tübingen University.

"I treasure an ordinary prostitute above a married Jewess."—Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda.

"Generally speaking, the Nordic race alone can emit sounds of untroubled clearness, whereas among non-Nordic men and races the pronunciation is impure, the individual sounds are more confused and like the noises made by animals, such as barking, snoring, sniffing, squeaking.

"That birds can learn to talk better than other animals is explained by the fact that their mouths are Nordic in structure—that is, high, narrow, and short-tongued. The shape of the Nordic gum allows a superior movement of the tongue."—Hermann Gauch, in *Neue Grundlagen der Rassenforschung.*

"You must follow the example of Dr. Goebbels when a Jew chances to address a remark to you. First, act as if you do not hear him and gaze over his head as if looking for the distant land of Canaan. If he repeats the remark, look him straight in the eye and say nothing. If that is not sufficient and he addresses you a third time, inspect him slowly from head to foot as if he were a strange and curious animal."—Instructions in *Der Angriff*, official Nazi organ.

"We begin with the child as soon as he is three years old. As soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put in his hand, then follows the school, the Hitler Jugend, the S. A., and military training. We do not let him go; and when all this is past, then comes the Arbeitsfront and takes him up again and doesn't let him go till the grave, whether he likes it or not."—Dr. Robert Ley, chief of Nazi trade unions.

"The absence of all-round abilities in women is directly to be attributed to the fact that woman is vegetative."—Dr. Rosenberg.

"The idea of National Socialism is an accomplishment of the human

soul that ranks with the Parthenon, the Sistine Madonna, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven." — Dr. Rosenberg.

IT is a pity to spoil the fun of those passages by so much as a reference to the fact that Nazism, though ridiculous, is also murderous. But perhaps it is well to say, for fear of being misunderstood, that I do not consider Hitlerism entirely a joke. It is lunacy plus savagery. When you laugh at the madman he may run amuck. Witness the bloody "purges" in Hitler's Reich and the beheading of spies in time of peace. I confess I am not an expert in the psychology of the abnormal, but I rather think that keepers of the insane would verify my suspicion that a lunatic may be at one moment full of very funny antics and yet when his mood changes become homicidal. Paradoxically, Hitlerism is funny but it is no joke.

MUCH has been written about "This Nordic Nonsense." And again the attack has been unduly heavy, like shooting a sixteen-inch gun over a distance of fifty miles to batter down an outhouse in a farmer's back yard. "Answer a fool according to his folly," says one of the Proverbs. "Answer not a fool according to his folly," says another. The correct commentary, I suppose, is that we are to use our own judgment in the matter. As far as Nazism and other such politico-mental aberrations are concerned, the best judgment would be not to answer them in kind.

Mathematics and Ancestors

I have found in a newspaper column clipped some time ago the perfect answer to the "Nordic" lunacy. A certain R. C. O'Brien presents in the Hearst papers under the title "Ancestral Mathematics" a few paragraphs that to my mind are more satisfactory than an encyclopedia of ethnology. It is too precious to be lost and too good to be kept to ourselves. So here it is:

"You start with a father and a mother who, in turn, had two parents each. This makes four grandparents and eight great-grandparents. Let us allow, for the sake of easier computation, thirty-three and a third years for a generation. These eight great-grandparents, then, were born about the year 1800. By 1700 they have amounted to 64.

"Back another century we find 528 ancestors. By 1500 we possess 4,256. It makes me feel important. By 1400 they total 34,048. I can't see how I possibly could have spared a single one. For if anything had happened to any of these ancestors before they met their respective mates, I wouldn't be here. Conceded?

"Another century back and we have 272,384 ancestors. Now let us, for the sake of round figures, discard twenty-odd thousand perfectly good ancestors, and start backwards from the year 1300 with a quarter million. It makes 2,000,000 by 1200, 16,000,000 in 1100 and in the year 1000, 128,000,000 ancestors.

"What's the use of going back another thousand years? There weren't that many people in the world. I can't figure it out. It makes me related to practically everybody who lived during the Middle Ages."

Consequently, when you get back to Charlemagne's time everybody is everybody's cousin. For deflating the pseudo-scientific "Nordic" theory, the good old *reductio ad ab-*

surdum remains the best argument. It will take a good deal of official Nazi biology to destroy Mr. O'Brien's simple arithmetic.

WALTER LIPPMANN in the course of a logical attack on the political theory of Huey Long recently made some cogent remarks that apply not only to the Kingfish but to all dictators who come into power ostensibly by means of the suffrage of the people. He says:

The Logic of Democracy

"The question is whether men must acquiesce in the overthrow of democracy if the dictator can obtain the support of a majority of the voters. . . . To answer in the affirmative would be to reduce democracy to an absurdity. It would mean that today's majority had the right to deprive tomorrow's majority of its rights. . . . Who will say that a dictator may use free institutions to destroy free institutions? . . . That men may use freedom of speech to acquire the power to destroy freedom of speech? That they may use elections to abolish elections? That they may exploit the constitutional guarantees to subvert them?"

With that introduction he launches into a dissertation, brief but satisfying, of one of the principles of democracy. "The rights of the majority," he says, "are limited rights. . . . Men may not use the facilities of Liberty to impair them. No man may invoke a right in order to destroy it. The right of free speech belongs to those who are willing to preserve it. The right to elect belongs to those who mean to transmit that right to their successors."

BUT what interests me particularly in Lippmann's declaration of the democratic principle is that it applies not only in the case of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Huey Long, but to every Communistic agitator in America. They all clamor for freedom of assembly and freedom of speech. But when they get hold of a government they abolish free assembly, free speech and indeed all freedom. It amazes me and amuses me to read again and again in certain liberal journals a defense of the rights of Communists to organize and to agitate here in the United States. Do they not know that if Communism comes in, they will immediately perish? Perish or conform, and to a liberal to conform is to perish.

In the Catholic colony of Maryland under the Calverts, freedom of worship was guaranteed. Taking advantage of that freedom, Protestants came in from Virginia. In fact they entered Maryland in such numbers that they became a majority; whereupon they promptly suppressed Catholic worship.

Now, similarly, it may be a noble and beautiful thing of the United States to welcome to its shores the persecuted of all nations and to accord them not only hospitality, but all the privileges enjoyed by the family. But if we knew that the persecuted would turn persecutors, that they would overrun the house and turn the owners out, it would no longer be a noble and beautiful thing to invite them in and make them feel at home; it would be asinine, not to say suicidal.

It must be evident that the right of self-defense applies not only to persons but to governments and institutions. The United States must not be so democratic as to destroy

democracy. Sometimes we hear a rugged individualist in the intellectual world declaring that he has "a right to be wrong," and with something of the same madness Communists claim that they must be free to be slaves and to make us slaves. The word "slave" is not too strong. In all communistic countries, and to be fair let us include Fascist and Nazist countries, the citizens are drilled, regimented, dominated, physically and mentally; and what is that but slavery? If they love their chains (and it seems they do) I dare say that is their own affair. But when they come here and deliberately plan to put us all in chains, we should be simpletons if we offered them our wrists and our ankles and indeed our minds and souls to be shackled.

TO me it is astounding that the intelligentsia who favor Communism do not see these obvious facts. I can account for it only on the ground that pseudo-intellectuals easily tend to become doctrinaires, to get out of touch with reality and to lose hold of common sense. Take, for example, the hubbub raised by the liberal press when the Board of Education of New York attempted to require teachers in the city schools to take an oath or a promise of civil allegiance. What that oath amounts to is merely this: that any man or woman intrusted with the responsibility of the education of youth and paid out of taxes collected from the community should swear not to inculcate sedition, or the overthrow of our institutions by force. That demand is so moderate and so obviously reasonable that it is impossible to see how an intelligent person could refuse it. Yet, in the liberal press there is a grand outcry against demanding any such promise of allegiance. It is as though a man were to apply at your door for a job. You offer to take him in, give him work and pay him well, but in view of certain disturbances that have occurred, you ask him to sign a statement that he will do no harm to you or your family or your home. And he who expects to be fed and housed and clothed by your bounty protests violently against making any such simple little promise. It surpasses understanding.

Eating Our Bread While Plotting Our Ruin

THERE is one point made by Walter Lippmann with which I cannot agree. He says: "A free nation can tolerate . . . *feeble* Communist parties and *feeble* Fascist parties *as long as it is certain that they have no hope of success.* [My italics.] But once they cease to be debating societies and become formidable organizations for action, they present a challenge which it is suicidal to ignore."

That, of course, is the "safety valve" policy usual in all democracies that feel their own strength. We see it exemplified at Hyde Park in London and at Union Square and Columbus Circle in New York City. It may be expedient but it is none the less based upon a fallacy.

It seems to me that it is not a question of the strength or the feebleness of a Communist or Fascist party which takes advantage of freedom to plan the destruction of freedom. Strong or weak, any one who plans a revolution by arms ought to be either exiled or jailed. It should make no difference whether he is an unattached individual or a member of a big group. If he talks,

writes or plans sedition, treason, rebellion, he ought to be dealt with as a rebel.

I HOPE I need not stop to explain that I have no objection to peaceful propaganda for any genuine economic or social improvement. I never advocated in the days of what we now call "old-fashioned" Socialism that every one who preached Socialism should be, as certain impatient ones used to say, "sent back to where he came from." For I believed and still believe that there is room for the evolution of democracy along the line of social reform. The men who wrote the Federal Constitution never intended to crystallize and fossilize our institutions. The Constitution is not a fossil but an organism; it has life and life involves change.

Back in the early nineties any one who admitted sympathy with Socialism was considered unpatriotic and probably harebrained. But in the platform of the Socialism of that generation there are several features of the N. R. A. and a remarkable identity with some of the measures now advocated by Father Coughlin. In fact not a few of the ideas of Socialism have been quietly introduced within the framework of our government and no harm has been done. So we need not abhor all change and fear all novelty.

Socialism Is Not Communism

But Communism is a horse of another color. Its most accredited champions, both the philosophers and the administrators of the movement, have advocated "direct action," that is to say, violent overthrow of all capitalistic governments. They advocate not parliamentary action, gradual evolution, substantial continuity of the State that now is, with the State that is to be, but the destruction of democracy and the substitution of something essentially different. To put it concretely, they aim to extend to the whole world the type of State now existing in Russia. They aim to blow up all the free institutions in existence in order to bring about the universal dominance of Bolshevism.

Since that is their program and their plan of campaign, we should be fools and traitors to freedom if we sat idly by and let them have their way.

AMERICAN liberals and radicals who defend the right of Communists to agitate, to organize, to propagandize and to proselytize are forever reminding us that the authors of the Declaration of Independence, especially Thomas Jefferson, vindicated their right to rebellion. The logic is, I presume, that Communists have as much right to make trouble for the United States as the Colonists had to make trouble for King George. The comparison is so inept as to be absurd. Read again the Declaration of Independence and recall the grievances of the Colonists. One paragraph will suffice: "He [the king] has abdicated Government here by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and

The Right to Rebel—When?

perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation." That is but one of many counts in the indictment of George III. The American Revolutionists had reason for revolution. It would be ridiculously untrue to say that Uncle Sam had done all these things to the Communists who are now howling in a hundred halls and on the street corners about their "grievances." But even if we grant, for the sake of the argument, that the Communists have the same right to rebel as the Colonists, it follows that the government has the same right to defend itself. When Benjamin Franklin made his famous *bon mot* about "hanging together or hanging separately," he evidently did not expect King George to provide the rebels with arms and ammunition. It was war, and the fathers of the country were not fools enough not to see it. So, if Communism is war —and it is—against the United States, we should be stupid not to see it, and traitors against our own land if we don't meet the threat of war with something more effective than polite toleration.

THE Reverend John Haynes Holmes is a pastor here in New York who has hitherto affected, or perhaps sincerely entertained a great admiration for the Soviet government. Unfortunately for his Communistic enthusiasm, he went to Russia. He returns, like H. G. Wells and Emma Goldman, sadder and wiser. In fact, to judge from his language, he returns not sad but, in the sense in which children use the word, "mad." "The tyranny of Soviet Russia," he says, "seems to be getting worse rather than better. Monstrous things are being done. The Stalin massacre was as ghastly as anything that our bloody age has known."

John Haynes Holmes Learns Something in Russia

I shall not exult over the disillusionment of John Haynes Holmes. His conversion is a matter of no real importance, unless perhaps to himself. What interests me is why does it take any man so long to learn a few rudimentary facts? And why must he go so far away from home to see what is happening under his nose? His "Community Church" in New York City is not far from the centers of Communism. And as if that did not give him sufficient opportunity to see with his own eyes what madmen the Communists really are, he has invited them to his church and welcomed them to a weekly forum. Besides, though a busy man, he must have occasionally dipped into the papers. And be it observed, here in the metropolis we have one or two sheets that tell with relative accuracy what is going on in Europe. No wide-awake person in our land need have any illusions about the Muscovites. Why then make a trip of some eight or ten thousand miles to learn the A.B.C. of Bolshevism?

I SAY the phenomenon *in se* has no importance. But it merits a moment's attention as a symptom. There are a thousand John Haynes Holmeses in the United States, ministers of "liberal" churches, or writers in journals of "advanced" thought, teachers in public high schools drawing good fat salaries from the system they are undermining, professors in universities who have volunteered for the graceless task of indoctrinating American

youth with the spirit of rebellion against American institutions. Unknowingly (let us charitably believe) they are playing with fire, toying carelessly with two-edged knives. Thinking themselves especially intelligent and cherishing a detestation for boobs and babbitts, they are none the less fanatics and fetish worshipers just as much in the dark as to "what it is all about" as the peasants who stand ankle deep in the cold slush in front of the Kremlin waiting their turn to gaze upon the sacred "incorrupt" remains of Lenin. Professional purveyors of knowledge, they remain miraculously immune to all information. Having eyes they see not, but it is impossible to know whether their blindness is due to a congenital defect or is deliberate and perverse. What kind of cataclysm it would take to shock them into awareness of what is going on in the world outside their own mind it would be hard to say. Perhaps a Reign of Terror, massacres on their doorsteps and up and down their own streets, a guillotine in the public square with the heads of their friends falling into the basket. I verily believe that some of these purblind doctrinaires of Communism will not understand what is going on until the tumbril backs up to their own door, or until their kith and kin are butchered in front of their eyes like the wife and children of the Czar in that gory cellar in Ekaterinburg. Revolutions serve many purposes. Perhaps it must needs be that revolutions come to open the eyes of those that are blind to the signs of the times. John Haynes Holmes wouldn't believe that Communists were violent until he went over and learned that the Stalin massacre was a fact. It's a terrible price to pay for one man's awakening. But perhaps he will convey to others the revelation he has received that after all America is not so bad, or at least that Russia is "not so good."

A Reign of Terror to Awaken Them

IT is not only in regard to Sovietism that some of our fellow-citizens need enlightening. Of a hundred equally obvious dangers they seem to remain serenely unconvinced. For example, birth control. Some who have read that prince of pessimists, Schopenhauer, inform us that he advocated as a means of getting rid of all evils one universal simultaneous act of suicide—race suicide in the extreme sense. A foolish idea, no doubt, but Arthur himself wasn't as idiotic as his philosophy. He wasn't going to put a bullet into his brain or swallow a poison pill unless and until every one else did the same. Indeed they say he kept a pistol under his pillow, to use not on himself, but on any one else who should try to do him harm before the signal was given for the universal clearance.

Our own race-suiciders are not so cautious. They are determined that we shall kill ourselves off whether or not the rest of the world joins in the movement. It matters not to them whether the Japanese, for example, practice birth control. We must go ahead, waiting for no one. One would imagine that the fierce, persistent birth control agitation in this country would be accounted unpatriotic or even treasonable. Mark you, I am not at this moment concerned with the moral or religious aspect of the question. I am inwardly wrestling with the problem —why cannot o u r statesmen (if

any) see that birth control is suicidal? It may be tiresome to emphasize the obvious, but it is worse than tiresome—it is fatal to ignore the obvious. Must we Americans take a good sound licking from the Yellow men before we can be convinced that it is criminal to decimate the white race?

BOLSHEVISM and birth control are only two out of a dozen or a score of manifest evils to which we are persistently and perversely blind. To borrow a phrase from the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident":

That divorce and the consequent disruption of the family is a prelude to national dissolution.

That education without religion splits the human personality and divides a man against himself and in consequence leads to all sorts of abnormalities. That George Washington was well within the truth when he said "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

That to penalize the Catholic Church for recognizing that psychological and historical fact is unjust, unwise, and unpatriotic.

That "socialized education" in Mexico means Bolshevized education and that any ambassador who does not see that simple fact is either obdurate or unintelligent.

That deterministic "ethics" taught in American universities—the doctrine that nothing is "right" or "wrong," "good" or "evil" and that no one is morally responsible for his action—is more disastrous than depression or war or pestilence.

That the centralization of political power in the hands of one man, even though he were a paragon of wisdom and of honor, is tantamount to revolution and forebodes the destruction of democracy.

That the maxim used to justify our political and commercial traffic with Mexico and Russia, "we would deal with the devil if it meant money in our pocket" is Machiavellian and that Machiavellianism will demoralize and ruin any people, no matter how powerful.

That the ostensible reason for winking at bloody persecution in a neighboring State, "We cannot intrude upon their internal affairs" is a cowardly subterfuge and disingenuous in view of the historical fact that we have a hundred times interfered in behalf of the afflicted in foreign lands.

But why continue? The gist of the matter is that political economy and statesmanship are after all a very simple matter.

What really ails the world is the double standard of honor, one for the individual and another for the corporate State. What is needed for national reconstruction is merely the application of the principle of personal honor to the conduct of business and of politics. Simple? Too simple? Our predicament is too complex to be solved so easily? Not at all: there is a sure cure for complexity,—simplicity.

CATHOLICS AND THE NEW DEAL

By Paul Kiniery, Ph.D.

CATHOLICS as a group are characterized by a marked ability, developed through years of practice, to sympathize with themselves. Despite the fact that they represent approximately one-sixth of the population of the United States, they exert practically no influence, considered collectively, on national affairs. It would perhaps be regrettable if they suddenly went to the extreme of forming a Catholic Party in this country, for the purpose of exerting political pressure. Such a procedure would very probably bring into operation many forces now only mildly opposed to Catholicism and all that the name connotes. On the other hand, it does seem that the formation of a definite Catholic opinion toward problems of a religious and social nature seems to be proceeding with glacier like slowness. Catholics, as Catholics, are opposed to divorce, as we know. But one looks in vain in this nation for an outstanding Catholic who condemns divorce, in season and out of season, for the social cancer that it is. There is a connection between many religious and social matters that is so evident and so fraught with danger for Catholicism that a rather fixed and uniform Catholic attitude should be developed. It goes without saying that the recent Catholic crusade against the more evil influences emanating from that psychopathic amusement center, Hollywood, is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. At the present time, when American culture is being remade before our very eyes, Catholics are sadly disorganized and inarticulate.

This disorganization is evident to anyone who makes the slightest effort to study it. Only the other day, one of my acquaintances (I nearly said friends) made a remark relative to the Mexican situation. The Knights of Columbus have been working whole-heartedly to force Congress to take cognizance of the barbaric government to the south of the Rio Grande, and the newspaper notices had been read by my acquaintance. He stated, in my hearing, that he thought that Catholics in this nation should not concern themselves about Mexico and the Catholic Church there. He stated bluntly that he thought the Mexican government had the right to close the churches in Mexico, if such action seemed desirable to the government. His justification for his stand was that if the Catholics of the United States made an issue of it, opposition to Catholics might break out in this country. I believe it is impossible to follow any so-called reasoning of that sort. Unfortunately that man is a Catholic of considerable influence. A certified public accountant, his opinions on religion, worthless though they are, are taken as seriously as his statements on income tax returns.

Another acquaintance of mine, a professor in a Catholic university, commenting on the same situation, remarked that he thought the Mexican government was justified in

closing many of the Catholic churches. He said that there were too many churches in Mexico, and that the construction of the churches had impoverished the people. He admitted readily that he had never been in Mexico, had not the slightest notion of the comparative value of Mexican churches and Mexican natural resources. Nevertheless, he was a representative of a Catholic university, carelessly disseminating information concerning Mexico which had not the slightest relation to the facts in the case.

Just as Catholics are definitely divided on such a matter as liberty of religious belief, upon which there should certainly be unanimity of opinion, so too are they divided on some of the more prominent Catholic spokesmen of the present day. A former Catholic college president, a priest, recently made the statement in my hearing, that in his capacity as an arbitrator of strikes during the past year, he had found many of the most unreasonable champions of the old order to be Catholics in good standing. A vice-president of one of the largest banks in the United States made the statement to a group of his admirers that Father Coughlin should be silenced because he had had the audacity to say something critical of Alfred Sloan, Jr. The utterance was made with pontifical solemnity, and accepted by most of his listeners as the voice of Jehovah. At a meeting of Catholic college graduates recently attended by the writer, the chairman of the meeting found it necessary, at the opening of the session, to state that it would be advisable not to bring the name of Father Coughlin into the discussion. The preceding meeting had practically broken up in disorder as a result of a series of verbal altercations concerning the expressions of that radio celebrity. Several of the writer's acquaintances, who make their living through the inability of many people to settle their differences outside the courtroom, have made it clear that they are convinced that Father Cox should at least be sentenced to hard labor in a federal penitentiary, for his temerity in questioning the worth of the United States Supreme Court, in the speech given over the radio on January 19, 1935. Just why one should not be permitted to question the utility of the Supreme Court is not clear to the writer. The chilling fear which gripped the nation during the period just before the famous decision on the gold clauses of contracts was handed down, would indicate to many that the Supreme Court has come to occupy a place in the American government which was not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. At least, one looks in vain through the contemporaneous records of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 for anything which would seem to accord to the Court the great influence which it now wields. Even Father Gillis, who made the definite point in his recent radio sermons that he was merely interpreting the Fathers of the Church and the papal encyclicals, has been severely criticized by many for stating in his address of November 4, 1934, that the Church was neither Capitalistic nor Socialistic. Many a Catholic is convinced that because the Church is not Socialistic, it must be Capitalistic. That unfortunate misunderstanding is not limited to Catholics. A Catholic lecturer in a city in the Middle West was recently quite surprised at the general assumption of virtually his

entire audience, that the Catholic Church was merely an adjunct of Capitalism,—that the two were merely different phases of the same thing. Nothing that he was able to say to the audience, which was by no means made up of Reds or Radicals, was able to shake the convictions of the group that in making an attack upon Capitalism, an attack would have to be made upon Catholicism.

From such judgments, the Catholic Church should make very definite efforts to free herself. The association of the Catholic Church with the governmental and economic structures of France, Mexico, and Spain undoubtedly contributed to the misfortunes which visited the Church in those areas. There is no definite connection in the United States between the Catholic Church and the republican form of government, nor between the Catholic Church and Capitalism. Those blunt statements cannot be too much stressed. The Catholic Church in this nation must live on to accomplish her work, even though our republican form of government disappears, and Capitalism with it. The Catholic Church is more enduring than either our government or our economic system. It must be, to fulfill the predictions of her Founder.

This realistic attitude does not imply that Catholics should join the present hue and cry against Capitalism. Outspoken critics of Capitalism are sometimes found in rather unusual surroundings. This fact was driven home recently to the writer as he listened to some remarks made by the scheduled speaker at a lecture held under the auspices of a very prominent Jewish synagogue. The speaker of the evening made it clear that an attempt to defend Capitalism would be an attempt to defend something which no longer existed. Withering contempt was all that was expended on a system which had operated for several centuries, and which had made many of those in the audience, which probably could not boast of a calloused hand, rather wealthy. The lecturer, moreover, was a member of the faculty of a university which had been made possible by the largess of one of the outstanding robber barons of a generation which was remarkable for individuals who were convinced that Divine Providence had created the natural resources of the nation for the enrichment of a few individualistic families. Capitalism apparently has been able to generate little gratitude, even in those who have profited from it most. Some of its most zealous defenders are those who have least reason to thank it.

It is quite essential that Catholics as a group come to some conclusions concerning the implications of the New Deal, with its relations to Capitalism, governmental direction of industry, control over national resources, etc. To the thoughtful and sincere Catholic, the problems of the New Deal cannot remain merely academic questions. If they do remain in that unrelated sphere the Church will be definitely the loser. Any religious organization which is deserving of the loyalty of men and women is concerned with the physical as well as with the moral welfare of those people. There is no more effective way for any Church organization to commit suicide in the troublous years ahead than to neglect the physical welfare of her members. Many a Catholic, whose position demands that he think frequently and clearly, seems to be of

the opinion that chance and Divine Providence will straighten out the confusing tangle of the present day. It seems to be more religious, and it is surely easier, to hope than to think.

One of the most controversial matters in the New Deal or whatever expression you may wish to use to connote the changed attitude which has become fixed in this nation since 1929, is the problem of governmental supervision of industry. It is the crux of the entire matter. It will have to be met definitely sooner or later. The present administration tried to meet it by sending up the Blue Eagle. Even its sponsor is now admitting that the bird has descended to earth. It is possible, however, that the Blue Eagle is merely resting for a more courageous and successful flight. Unless the government can supervise and markedly influence industrial relations in the United States, the so-called New Deal will die and leave no progeny. What will happen after that is problematical, but not pleasant matter for speculation, unless one is attracted by the relapses of government in Mexico, Russia, and Germany. Under decidedly changed economic conditions, such as an utter collapse of Capitalism might bring, it is quite conceivable that the Catholic Church, like many other ancient organizations might be harmed, simply because of its connection with the past. It would seem far more advisable for Catholics to support whatever is worth saving in the capitalistic system, and at the same time be willing to admit that change is the natural order of economic, as well as of physical life. It is unfortunate, for instance, that Catholics as a group seem to be convinced that there is something essentially destructive in governmental influence over industry. Although Catholics as individuals are certainly not characterized by great wealth, there is a tendency among them to maintain in all its vigor a monetary and industrial system which at times has dealt rather harshly with Catholic ethics. It is needless to develop the contention that Capitalism has in the course of its development in this nation not only ridiculed the principles of Catholic ethics, but has also frequently violated what might be referred to as pagan ethics. The law of the jungle, rather than the Sermon on the Mount, has been the directing force in the development of Capitalism. Now that the system seems endangered, it is inclined to beg protection from the Catholics who were formerly considered as merely the dupes of the Italian churchmen who occasionally issued statements called encyclicals which had the audacity to question the practices of modern Capitalism. At times, to add insult to injury, condemnation was added to criticism.

As a matter of cold fact there is nothing either anti-Catholic or anti-American about governmental supervision of industry. This point is so often clouded that the writer wishes to present several examples, drawn from various periods in our national history, to show that a good Catholic and a good American can state that industry should be subjected to a goodly amount of governmental supervision. Such supervision is as old as the federal government itself. There is no evidence to make us feel that the framers of the Constitution demanded a definite line of demarcation between government and business. In fact, several of those who worked most zealously

at Philadelphia in 1787 in framing the Constitution, were the same ones who advocated in 1791 the erection of the first Bank of the United States. The establishment of the bank, in which the government became a stockholder, was favored by Washington himself. The so-called Fathers of the nation were in favor of close relations between government and business. Moreover, we know that in the following year, 1792, the federal government granted a special concession to the fishing industry, under the terms of which the duty which that industry paid upon the salt which was imported for the curing of fish, was returned to the industry, so that it might more easily compete with foreign companies. Governmental aid of industry, then, is as old as the nation, and governmental aid must to some extent, at least, connote the possibilities of governmental supervision. Circumstances, it is true, did not demand much governmental supervision. It is quite certain, however, that such interference would have taken place, had it seemed necessary. An industry which is willing to receive aid from the government must at the same time be willing to accept some degree of control from that government.

During the administration of the second president of the United States, John Adams, this issue of governmental control became a controversial matter. Jefferson as we know stood forth as the candidate pledged to oppose the centralization of wealth and power in the hands of a few. The votes of the American people retired John Adams to private life and elevated to the presidency a man who thought that public welfare was more important for the nation than the growth of private fortunes.

Those incidents briefly recount the first contacts between government and business in this country. The factor of supervision was not stressed, but, like many other features of our national governmental structure, was to become more evident as time went on. At times there was to be friendly coöperation, and at other times there was to be not merely supervision, but definite conflict and suppression exerted by the government against industry. In 1816 the federal government certainly aided the American business man by the protective tariff of that year. The original hope was, as we know, that all classes and all sections would be benefited by the high tariff. Such hopes were not destined to fulfillment, but the government was not censured for having exercised a usurpation of power. In the more spectacular relations of government to business, which characterized the influence exerted by the Democratic administration of Andrew Jackson upon the second Bank of the United States, we recall that Jackson maintained that he was acting definitely in the interest of the public weal. Jackson, rightly or wrongly, was convinced that the Bank would in time throttle all business opposition, then all governmental opposition, and finally rule the United States through puppets placed in office at the dictation of the Bank. Jackson, despite his apparent uncouthness when such an attitude seemed necessary, was an able exponent of the Constitution. He was convinced that the Constitution not only gave the government the power to regulate business, but also the right actually to destroy a great and profitable business ven-

ture, if the latter seemed destined eventually to harm the nation. Jackson not only possessed that conviction, but we know that his influence made it impossible for the Bank to secure a renewal of its charter upon its expiration in 1836. If Jackson, good American that he undoubtedly was, held these convictions in 1835 concerning an institution that was apparently harming no one at the time, what ought we as good Americans, think about a business structure which in 1935 is unable or unwilling to do anything to lessen appreciably the twelve millions of unemployed now in this country? It would seem that discontent with economic and business structures is by no means denied to good citizens. The very opposite would seem to many to be the case, since economic ruin is very apt to contribute in time to political collapse.

In the years after the administration of Andrew Jackson, governmental connections with business were maintained. Business was very willing that government should aid business, especially by high tariff measures. Business was likewise pleased at the establishment of the national bank system during the Civil War period. Business was even more pleased at the decision of the government, in the Civil War period and thereafter for some years, to give away millions of acres of the citizens' lands in the West, with the objective of hastening railway construction. As a result of governmental generosity and business acumen, much valuable land in the West was diverted to railway construction concerns, with little evident return to the general public. Very few of the railway builders objected to the kindly influence exerted by government on business. Such paternal interest was considered highly desirable by business. Unfortunately, it was decidedly destructive of the welfare and interests of generations that were to be born later.

As a result of the smiling indulgence of the federal government, as well as the interplay of various other factors peculiar to the period, great fortunes were built up by business men during the years from 1860-1890. Conditions became so disgraceful, and the need for governmental supervision so self-evident, that the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 became imperative to lessen the most evil practices of the railways; and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890, to make it remotely possible, at least, for small business concerns to survive the humorously entitled "free competition" of the latter part of the Golden Age in nineteenth century America. Business men made less of an effort to question the constitutionality of these two laws than they did to discover means of circumventing them. Legal minds which might possibly have been directed along more useful channels, saw fit to follow the more profitable avenues of proving to sympathetic judges that there was no particular connection between the letter of the law and the underlying kindly spirit of those supposedly restrictive pieces of legislation. Business men as a group were not honest in their attitudes toward governmental supervision of the nation's industrial life. Aid was wanted for business, but supervision was condemned as socialistic, un-American, or something equally meaningless, but quite effective as presented by certain "kept" daily papers and other periodicals.

After the turn of the century

Theodore Roosevelt, whose attitude toward governmental supervision of business was always as much of a mystery to himself and his friends, as it was to his enemies, did actually recommend legislation which would in various ways lessen the ability of business to do as it wished in the nation. In 1903, with the passage of the Elkins Act, and again in 1906, with the passage of the Hepburn Act, efforts were made to increase the decidedly vague powers which had been bestowed upon, and then almost immediately taken from, the Interstate Commerce Commission. By these acts of 1903 and 1906 the American Congress had the temerity to inflict upon American railways much the same regulation which the Tory government of 1844 had imposed upon the railways of Britain in the Railways Act of that year. Likewise, it may be said that the Meat Inspection Act of 1906 and the Pure Food and Drugs Act of the same year, placed what some considered great and practically insupportable burdens upon American business. The latter piece of legislation, considered unreasonable in its demands at the time, required the unscrupulous producer of goods destined for interstate commerce and human consumption, to place a statement on the label admitting the use of preservatives if such were employed in the preparation of the product. There were business men in 1906 who questioned the right of the federal government to force a food adulterator to place on the label of his product, an admission of his guilt. It was pointed out that such statements might harm the sale of the product, especially if the admission were printed in such size type that it might be discovered by an observing purchaser. The injured business men demanded to know what section of the sacred Constitution gave the right to Congress to make such a demand. Since the framers of the organ of government had been unable to pierce the future and appreciate the possibilities of food adulteration and poisoning, citizens good and true maintained that the nation was on the way to ruin because such legislation had been passed. Fortunately, their qualms concerning the Constitution did not well become them, in view of past practices, and still more fortunately, their soul stirrings concerning the Constitution did not become nation wide. The Constitution no longer sheltered the food adulterator who had plied his trade for many years behind its benevolent protection. It is at least conceivable that the use of the Constitution for affording such protection would have been displeasing to the framers of that famous and sadly misinterpreted instrument of government.

During the period of the World War, the federal government virtually took over the business of the nation. Big business men assured of fat profits made no mention of Constitutional scruples. Such objections have a way of disappearing in the face of generous dividends. In the period after the World War, the Republican Party almost officially identified itself with the big business interests of the nation. The only voices heard during the 1920's were those of the Chairmen of Chambers of Commerce, the Presidents of the Boards of Directors, and the State and national executives of the Rotarians. To question that there should be any repression of business practices, even though the latter were unethical, judged by even the lowest standards, was

considered definitely un-American. Boosters, not knockers, were wanted. Those words, once in the daily vocabulary of every hard working American business man, have not been heard by this writer for several years. They now evoke a smile, but at one time, they made or ruined the individuals at whom they were directed. Then came the oft-referred to cataclysm of October, 1929. The American people, having tried every expedient which occurred to them from 1929 to 1932, and without success, decided to make a change in national administration parties. That very desire to change administration policies indicates the certainty existing in the mind of the average voter, that government should be able to direct and supervise general business relations in this country.

Having established the fact that the government has consistently supervised industrial relations, the question arises in the mind of the average Catholic, as to what he is going to do under present conditions. If the Catholic demands that the government keep out of business, he will be making a demand that the government do something new. Since 1789 the federal government has been supervising business to varying degrees. To now demand that the government keep out of business is to make the most radical kind of demand. There is nothing at all conservative about such a request. To demand that the government allow business to do as it will, is to invite more chaos than we already have. There can be nothing unselfish about Big Business. Otherwise it would not be Big Business. It is conceivable that the government, clumsy though it may be, will be essentially unselfish, so far as the different groups of citizens are concerned. To demand that the government refrain from the supervision of business is to make a demand that does not seem to harmonize with the general character of the meetings of the Catholic Conferences on Industrial Problems. The tendency in these meetings, in the opinion of this writer, is certainly in the direction of governmental interference with the so-called rights of the manufacturers and industrialists, whose mistakes may mean so much suffering to the rank and file of the laboring classes. Fundamentally the meetings above referred to are based on the encyclicals of Leo XIII. and Pius XI. It is difficult for the crusading champion of rugged individualism to take much comfort from the blunt words of the latter in the encyclical on the Reconstruction of the Social Order, "Free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place." The pope may offend some people, but most will agree that he is a realist,—and a humanitarian.

We may as well realize the seriousness of the situation now as several years hence, when effective action will be impossible. The future welfare of the Catholic Church in the United States depends largely upon the attitude which Catholics take toward the matter of government control of industry. By far the greater portion of our people depend on wages, as city workers, or income from agricultural goods, as farmers. The city workers must secure decent wages if they are to support Catholic schools, hospitals, orphanages, and other institutions identified with the Catholic Church. If the Catholics of the future are unable to continue supporting the institutions which the Catholics of the past have built, then the future of

the Church in this country is dark indeed. A stupid tendency to drift with the tide is not going to enable the Church to carry on the work delegated to her by her Divine Founder. The early Christians did not drift. Had they done so, Christianity would be to-day an insignificant contribution to the ethical teaching of the ages. If the Catholics of to-day are not aroused to the dangers of the situation, Catholicism will again become the insignificant religion it once was. It is always easier to go down than to go up,—and usually more tragic.

Only by maintaining that the common good of the many is of more importance than the needless wealth of the few, can some assurance be given that living wages will be paid to workers. Father John A. Ryan has been crusading for years for the living wage, and still some Catholics wonder if it is ethically justified. The other prominent Catholics who have advocated it would constitute a long list. Father Paul Blakely, advocating it in *America* of November 10, 1934, for perhaps the millionth time, added the remarks of the late Father Joseph Reiner, and approved them, even though the demands included a living wage, an equitable share of the profits to the worker, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and economic security in general. Both writers urged that these proposals be ardently supported by all Catholics.

The situation is just as precarious as far as Catholic farmers are concerned. The destruction of the farming element in the Catholic Church in America would be very serious, to say the least. The Catholic Church has had in the Catholic farming population a very stable element, from which contributions for missionary and domestic undertakings could be secured year after year, in the era that is so definitely past. There is a stability about Catholic rural life which is lacking in Catholic urban life. That stability is due in some degree to the fact that farm incomes in the past have been sufficiently assured practically to guarantee the contributions from a given parish, and also the approximate population of the parish, for years in advance. In the city, a shift in manufacturing, or the entrance of certain racial or national groups, might virtually remake a parish within a few years. For those and many other reasons, the Catholic Church as such has grave reasons for alarm because of some of the facts presented in the recent publication of the unquestionably reliable work, *America's Capacity to Consume*, issued by the Brookings Institution. The research undertaken for the volume proved that over four million farm families in this country cannot make their living free of debt or deficit. The fact that one fourth of all the farm families are forced somehow to exist on incomes of less than five hundred dollars per year should give pause to the most optimistic religious enthusiast. Nine-tenths of the farm families receive yearly incomes of less than $2,600. To maintain that such people are going to keep the Catholic institutions active in their localities is to give expression to a pious aspiration, perhaps, but to take such an aspiration seriously would be fatal to the institutions involved. They are unable to live on platitudes. They require ordinary currency. The same book made understandable some of the factors responsible for the plight of the farmers, Catholic and otherwise, by its revelation

that over three-fourths of the people of the entire nation have incomes that are below those demanded for the comforts and decencies,—not the luxuries,—of life. When we realize the implications of the volume's report that less than one-twelfth of the people in the nation in 1929 were enjoying incomes above $5,000 per year we understand how ridiculous it is to try to see in America a great and prosperous middle class. The middle class, the backbone of any Church organization, is threatened with extinction. That makes the most direct threat imaginable at the continued effective existence of the Catholic Church. The unchallenged statement that there are now 20,000,000 people on relief in this country constitutes the most serious threat that has ever been made against the welfare of the Catholic Church in the United States.

It is true that a solution of all our present difficulties cannot be worked out over night. The evils under which we are laboring were growing for centuries before the economic crash of our generation. We are at the end of the era of free and ruthless competition, which had its rise during the years of the Protestant Revolution. The competition above described is far more Protestant than Catholic in its origin. Catholicism has in mind the welfare of all; free competition has in mind the welfare of only those at the head of the economic procession. The devil was more than welcome to the hindmost, if he wished it. No one else evinced much interest in it. However, simply to demand that all industries must raise their wage scales and hire all the unemployed might well indicate an appalling ignorance of industrial conditions as now existing. Such an attitude toward the employer would be as unjust as the one which now prevails in many areas toward the worker. Fighting fire with fire may be dramatic, but it is not employed by the best fire fighters. The latter group seems to have concluded, after years of observation, that it is better to put the original fire out, than to start several others to compete with it, and possibly surpass it in destructive power. There is nothing gained by shutting one's eyes to disturbing facts. Government data, for instance, issued in November, 1934, showed that employment in the twelve most important industries in the country had by that date become 75% of what it was in the so-called normal year of 1925. If the employment in those great industries were to develop into 100% of what it was in 1925, there would still be many of the nation's unemployed twelve million workers walking the streets. Without going into a depressing discussion concerning technological displacement of men, one may at least state that it is generally admitted in industrial circles that the labor saving machinery which has been introduced since 1929 would now enable industry to produce all the goods manufactured in that year with one-third less help than was needed in the year of the great crash.

Each year several hundred thousand young men and women reach adulthood and look vainly for any kind of work. Each year many thousands of men and women forty-five years of age are thrown on the industrial scrap heap because of their advanced age. Well educated men and women pour out of our colleges, Catholic and non-Catholic, and find no opportunity to make use of the training which the institution

has given them. If an educational institution fails to place its graduates, year after year, that institution's death is merely a matter of time. To the nation at large and to prospective students, it has forfeited its reason for existence. It will be serious indeed, if the great educational structure which the Catholics have erected, is forced to submit to that pragmatic but inevitable condemnation. Whether the young men and women graduates will stoically submit, year after year, to mental dry rot and physical starvation is another, and very grave matter. Some writers see in that group the equivalent of "social dynamite," to borrow the expression used by Ruth Byrns in these pages some months ago. It seems very doubtful to this writer if young men and women who desire to marry and establish respectable homes are going to submit indefinitely to a denial of that age old right.

It is well for Catholics to look these far from encouraging facts straight in the face, or some of the prophets of doom who have of late been busy depicting the disintegration of the Catholic Church in America may unfortunately be correct. If the Catholics can be united into a group as concerned with an equitable distribution as is Pius XI., there is reason to feel that the future of the Catholic Church in America may be even more glorious than her past. If the various political parties now functioning, or which will develop in the future, would come to realize that about one-sixth of the nation could be counted upon to support reasonable social legislation, it might in a comparatively short time make great improvements in the nation. There is no reason why Catholics should not agree upon fundamentals of this nature, just as they agree upon the fundamentals of their faith. In details of procedure, it is expected that there will be a healthy diversity of opinion. If such an attitude could be found year after year in such a large religious organization as the Catholic Church in the United States, it would in time make possible the greatest contribution which the Church could make to the nation. The Church would also be greatly benefited. Her future would be assured. The faith of the people is strong, but their finances are not merely weak, but in many places, nonexistent. If the Catholic Church makes clear to her people that she is definitely interested in them, and in all their economic difficulties, it will do more to avert the spread of Communism in Catholic circles than an infinite number of thundering sermons against the evils of everything associated with Soviet Russia. The Catholics will be vindicated, once and for all, of the charge that they are not excellent Americans. It will be made plain to all religious groups that the Catholic Church does stand for social justice, and not merely in a mild and inoffensive way, but in a constructive and productive manner. But before that is done Catholics must be given to understand that a Catholic who protests against this economic order is not necessarily a Red, and in fact, may be a believer in Christianity whose faith is so virile that it cannot be restrained to a half hour of concentrated religion on the first day of each week.

RIDERS OF THE NIGHT

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

IF nothing else had happened on that night, I should have remembered it for the fog alone.

It was such a fog as I had never seen before and hope never to see again. It was not only chill, heavy, wet: all fogs are that. It was so dense as to seem a substance rather than a vapor, and every droplet pricked and tingled on the flesh like a point of ice. To make out the road before me was well-nigh impossible; and although it had been my purpose to ride some two hours longer, and not put up until I reached Calais, I turned in at a little hostelry by the road, with intent to seek a night's lodging for my horse and me. Affairs having led me often between England and France, I was well acquainted with the region. I had lodged at the inn before, and knew it to be good.

The lights from the inn made a white blur on the curtain of the fog. Guided by it, I led my horse around to the stable, and stopped, surprised by a hullabaloo within.

The stable doors were open. A lantern stood on the ground near them, and sent an arm of light through the mist. The horses beneath their blankets stamped and whinnied in their stalls. Two large dogs strained against leashes secured to a hook in the wall. They furnished most of the merry-making. The residue was supplied by a tall, powerful man with a very red face, and by Georges Sylvestre, the stableboy, who was anything but tall and powerful.

The man had the boy by the collar with one hand, and in the other swung on high his riding whip. The voice of Georges Sylvestre was upraised, vehemently protesting his innocence of a crime of which the other as vehemently accused him. Georges was no angel, and no doubt merited a degree of chastisement. But one look at the chastiser decided me. I caught the upraised hand before it fell. Georges squirmed out of captivity and vanished like a rabbit. The red-faced man turned and fronted me.

"Do you not think it shame," I said, pulling as solemn a face as I could, "to strike a child like that?"

The man looked me over from head to foot. It took him some time, as there is considerable length to cover; and besides being angry, he was drunk, and his wits none of the clearest. Then he jerked his arm loose with an oath, and being of the class which custom, with rare indiscrimination, labels gentleman, threatened to send me his seconds in the morning.

"I suggest that you go to bed," I told him. "In the morning you will probably not remember me."

I impelled him in the direction of the open door. He stumbled out, muttering, and disappeared. Whereupon Georges returned, and took my horse. I gave instructions for the animal's care, then plowed my way through the fog to the inn, resolved not to leave it until I had fed myself, dried my clothing, and slept twelve hours on end.

The landlord, with his round, shining face, and round, shining head, and round, if not shining, person, welcomed me with effusion. I looked about for Red-Face, but neither seeing nor hearing him, supposed that he had taken my advice and gone docilely to bed.

"Mais bon soir, Monsieur, bon soir!" The landlord relieved me of my water-soaked greatcoat. "Though it is hardly a good evening —at least abroad."

"But it will soon become one," I amended him, "when I am set before a *soupe à l'ognon* and a *rosbif à l'anglaise.*"

His smile broadened.

"I will see to the soup and the *rosbif* myself." He hung my coat to dry. "Monsieur is well?"

"As as well as one can be who is perishing of hunger. And you of the Chat d'Argent?"

His smile vanished. He lifted his hands and his shoulders in a gesture of despair.

"Ah, Monsieur, these be bad times."

I glanced about the neat inn, with its air of snug prosperity.

"I see no sign of it. What is amiss?"

"Monseigneur le Marquis de Chatraix—he had the misfortune to break his neck while hunting."

"A misfortune for Monseigneur le Marquis," I conceded. "But why for you?"

"The wolves of Moncreux are after the estate." He raised his eyes and hands to heaven. *"Dieu nous en garde!"*

I had heard of the ancient feud between the families of Moncreux and Chatraix, and of the repeated attempts made by the former to annex their cousins' rich properties. My sympathies, like those of all right-minded people, were with the de Chatraix. The Comtes de Moncreux were a gambling, roistering, high-handed lot, and none wanted them for neighbors. But of recent trouble I knew nothing.

"Is there no heir to Chatraix?" I asked.

"A lad of five. He lies ill—at the very portals of death. We wait from day to day to hear that he has followed his honored father. And then, with the de Moncreux upon us . . . " Words failed him.

"But," I suggested, for his solace, "there is always *soupe à l'ognon.*"

"True. A thousand excuses." He sprang to my attendance at once. "Will Monsieur but give himself the pain of being seated? The soup will be with him on the instant." And he conducted me to the dining room, pulled out a chair, summoned a *garçon*, charged him with my welfare, and vanished.

To my pleasure, Red-Face was nowhere to be seen; but at the table next to mine sat two diners who soon attracted my attention, though for a very different reason. They were a young woman and a small child.

It needed but a single glance to assure me of the young woman's exceptionable beauty. She could not have been above one-and-twenty, and at that I wondered, supposing her to be the mother of the child. Her concern for him was acute. His back was toward me; I saw only a shock of ruddy hair that gleamed liked burnished copper in the candlelight. Its rich color contrasted strikingly with the young woman's dark hair and the black garments worn by both of them. He was very tired and dozed over his plate. She leaned forward to rouse him and urge him to eat. Her face was white

as linen against her black hair and gown; and shadowing its beauty was a look of the gravest concern, almost of distress.

I soon perceived that her trouble went deeper than care for the child. She kept turning her eyes toward the door, with a look of apprehension, almost of terror. She started at slight sounds, or at no sound at all. Her hands moved constantly, crumpling her napkin and shifting the silverware at her place. Once or twice her eyes turned toward me, with a strange glance of helplessness, almost of appeal; but catching my eyes, she looked hurriedly away, and busied herself with the child. It was as if she longed to ask counsel of s o m e one, and were driven almost to the point of addressing a stranger; and truth to tell, I had almost brought myself to ask her how I could assist her, when Red-Face clumped into the room, and stopped at her table.

And then I did not wonder that she was in trouble.

She looked up. Her white cheeks flushed quickly, and her eyes grew hostile.

He had been refreshing himself further at the bar—that was obvious. His speech was thicker, his eyes glazed. If he saw me, he did not know me. He threw a key on the young woman's table, and told her not to dally. Her fingers closed on the key, but she said nothing.

He clumped out i n t o the hall again, where two companions awaited him. I saw their six legs disappear, n o n e too steadily, up the stairs. The young lady gave them time to be out of earshot; then she rose and approached the landlord, who had returned, and was surveying his domain from the doorway. She spoke very low, but her voice was clear, and I heard her plainly.

"If you please—does the road that passes this inn lead direct to Chatraix?"

"But yes, Madame."

"Will you order my horse from the stable, at once?"

He could not conceal his surprise. "*Now*, Madame?"

"At once," she repeated "And—" she drew out her purse—"say nothing of it to anyone."

She paid him; then returned to the table and lifted the child to the floor. I, too, rose and approached the landlord.

"I have changed my mind," I said. "I am on to Calais for the night. Please have my h o r s e brought round, and a lantern."

He regarded me with consternation.

"But the *rosbif*, Monsieur!"

"Give it, with my compliments, to Georges Sylvestre."

And I paid for Georges' meal, with something over to ease the landlord's conscience in c a s e he should be called upon to protest ignorance of my whereabouts. This I hardly expected; but it was well to be prepared.

The young lady was in the hall, bundling the child into his jacket. She slipped into a cloak, and pulled its hood over her dark hair. Her eyes traveled apprehensively to the stairs, but Red-Face did not appear. I got into my greatcoat.

She turned toward the door, as did I. We met. I stepped back, and bowed.

"Madame," said I, "it is a bad night for traveling, especially on horse, and alone. I chance to be riding your way. Will you do me the h o n o r to accept my escort? Monsieur the Innkeeper can give you assurance of me."

Her eyes rested on mine for the shadow of a second. Then her tight lips softened.

"I thank you, Monsieur," she said.

The horses were saddled and at the door. Georges stood between them, holding the lantern, which threw a circle of pale light on the fog. We mounted. I took the child on the saddle before me; Georges handed the lantern to my companion; and we set off at a trot into the fog and night.

We proceeded for some moments in silence. My companion urged her horse as fast as was possible in the fog and darkness. I kept abreast of her. At length her voice came to me from the weaving mist that enveloped us.

"You should know my name, Monsieur. I am Antoinette de Chatraix."

At this I was amazed. I had thought her the wife of Red-Face, and he, assuredly was no de Chatraix. But I contained my astonishment.

"And I, Madame, am Edward Clinton Marchant, son of Lord Henry Marchant, of Marchant Towers, in Devon County, England."

"I have heard of your family."

"And I of you, Madame."

She sighed.

"Who has not? We are in grave trouble, Monsieur."

"I have heard that, too. Your husband . . . "

"Not my husband, Monsieur. I am unmarried. It was my brother who was killed. The child is his son, Victor Louis—now Marquis de Chatraix."

"But I heard he was ill," I protested, "and not like to live."

She caught her breath; it was almost a sob.

"That is part of the plot, Monsieur. He was ill, but is better. He needs only rest. I was in the hills with him when news came of my brother's accident. My cousin, René de Moncreux, met us. It is he you saw at the inn. He offered me his —his sympathy, and an escort home." I could almost feel her shudder, through the fog. "Oh, it is dreadful. I did not know what he intended, but I was sure it could be no good. Then last night he told me. He has spread the story that Victor is at the point of death. To-morrow it will be reported that he has died. I am to marry René, and . . . "—her voice broke—"I shall be Comtesse de Moncreux and Marquise de Chatraix. He thinks . . . it should compensate me for everything."

"But what of the child?"

"He will be sent away. I am not to know where. And if I hint that he has not died, or that I have not married René of my own choice, my amiable cousin will see to it that he is Marquis in good truth."

The horrid implication of her words was plain.

"You mean—he would do away with the child?"

"So he warned me, Monsieur. If Victor is to live, I must acquiesce in his plan, and say nothing."

"Great heaven!" I exclaimed. "But how do you hope to escape him? What plan have you?"

"Till an hour ago I had none. When he went upstairs and left me, and I saw how he had been drinking, I . . . I took my chance. It is just a chance. If I reach Chatraix before he overtakes us, we are safe. If not . . . " She uttered a little choking sob. "And that is all, Monsieur."

It was enough. Drunk though

her cousin was, I could not hope that her escape would long pass unnoticed. I recalled my encounter with him in the stable, and wished that I had been more zealous in Georges' behalf; but that could not be mended now. Suddenly a detail of the picture, which I had ignored, flashed before me.

"Mademoiselle, has your cousin dogs?"

"Yes." I saw the white blur of her face, turned swiftly toward me. "You mean . . . ?"

"They will give him the advantage, when he chooses to follow us. You will not be able to hide from him, and he will make better time, with the dogs to lead him."

She gave a little shivering moan.

"God pity us! What are we to do?"

"It is your horse they will follow, Mademoiselle. That gives us a card to play. Near here there is another road to Calais, a short cut through the woods. You will take my horse, and the child, and continue on this road as you are now. I will take your horse, and ride through the woods. Your cousin, following the scent of your horse, will follow me."

"Monsieur . . . you are kind . . ."

"When you reach Calais," I continued, "stop at the Oiseau Rouge. It is the first inn on this road. Wait for me there."

We rode on for near an hour, as fast as the fog permitted, but in our anxiety we seemed to crawl. I had some moments of horrid uneasiness when I feared we had lost the path of which I had spoken, but these I did not share with my companion. At length, however, we found it: a barely perceptible opening in the fog-drenched brush. We halted and exchanged horses. She took the child, and I the lantern. Leaning toward me, she extended her hand. I felt it, a bit of thin ice, in mine.

"Good night," she said, "and good chance. I dare not think what case I would be in now, without your help."

Her eyes were on me, and suddenly I could not meet them. I raised her fingers to my lips.

"The fog is lifting," I said. "That should help you."

"And my cousin also. *Dieu vous garde!*"

And she turned, and was lost to sight in the mist. I waited, listening, until the echo of hoof-beats died away in the distance; then I plunged into the woods.

I urged my horse as fast as he would go, at some risk to his legs and my neck; for the path was full of loose stones and ruts and treacherous unevennesses. My face was whipped by foliage, I was drenched as with rain from the fog-laden trees, and narrowly missed a braining by low-grown boughs. Added to which, my lantern soon began to flicker, and in a few minutes went out. I shook it: it was empty of oil. For this oversight I could have beaten Georges Sylvestre with relish. I saw an end to my hope to lead Red-Face and his friends a long dance and a merry. If they turned down the road after me, my capture was inevitable, for I must either walk my horse or break my neck, and in either case they would find me.

I chose the first alternative, and began to feel my way through the darkness. It was not long before the eerie silence of the night and woods was broken by a throbbing, reverberant sound. Distant though it was, I knew it for the barking of dogs. I quickened my pace again,

and looking up, searched the darkness above me for a low tree limb.

At the first stout branch that offered, I rose in my stirrups, grasped the limb, pulled myself up, and felt the horse gallop away beneath me. I crawled up on the limb and lay, hidden from below by the foliage.

Presently three horsemen appeared, with lanterns and the two dogs. As I had hoped, they were unfamiliar with the road. They proceeded slowly, venting their wrath in imprecations on the road and the girl's folly. Their voices came back fainter, and died away. I heard a shout, then silence.

The shout could mean only that they had found my horse. Straining my ears, I heard sounds of barking, but nothing more. Then when I thought I must fall from my perch, so numb was I from cold and wet and the awkwardness of the position, they passed again beneath my tree. They were talking loudly. I caught the words:

"Did she think to walk clear to Chatraix, through the woods?"

"Small matter what she thought. We are sure to catch her. She could not have served me better, had she tried."

I gave them time to be out of earshot. Then I slipped to the ground, and set off up the road, where I found the horse. He was making a meal of leaves and grass. Envying him the chance, I mounted, and rode on.

For countless leagues and hours, it seemed to me, I slipped and stumbled over that abominable road. When I came out again on the highway, and saw the lights of Calais before me, it was as if I had entered another world, separate by days or even years from the one I had left when I parted from Mademoiselle de Chatraix. And yet I had ridden but ten or twelve miles; and it was but little past eleven when I drew rein at the Oiseau Rouge.

Monsieur Pitou, the landlord, was behind his *comptoir*. I asked for Mademoiselle de Chatraix. He said there was no such person at his inn.

"But," he added, "here is a message for you, Monsieur."

I snatched at the folded paper he held out to me. My hand shook as I opened it. The message was brief:

"Make haste to the Coq d'Or. With help. A. de C."

Whether I will be believed, I know not; but in this moment I realized what I must have known from my first sight of her—that my life was given to Antoinette de Chatraix forever. I had ridden forth with her, as I thought, because she was alone and in trouble; now I knew that her cause, wherever it might lead, whatever it might include, was also mine.

I looked up at Monsieur Pitou.

"Can you get me two men"—my voice sounded strange in my ears—"and at once, who will run a risk, perhaps of their lives, in a worthy cause?"

"But assuredly, Monsieur. There are my two sons."

He summoned them. I had only to mention Chatraix and Moncreux, and they were at my command.

They were soon armed and ready. I exchanged my horse for a fresh one, and once again rode out into the night. The fog had lifted considerably, and there was a hint of moonlight behind it; but the streets were ill-lighted and plunged in gloom. We made what haste we could.

The Coq d'Or was the inn of fashion of Calais. Behind the *comp-*

toir dozed a pompous looking individual. Our entrance cut short his rest. I demanded Mademoiselle de Chatraix. First he effected not to understand the name. Then he said there was no such person at his inn.

"Your pardon," I said, "if I choose to doubt you. You will at once tell me where she may be found, or my men and I—"

I had no need to complete my threat. From directly overhead there came a cry, and a voice I knew, protesting, "No, no, *no!*"

"Your pistols!" I cried to the brothers Pitou. "Follow me!"

We ran upstairs and broke into the room overhead.

It was a salon, elegantly furnished. At one end sat Antoinette de Chatraix. Beside her stood her cousin. He held her by the wrist; her face and eyes were upturned to him in terror. The child, guarded by a second man, crouched in another chair. The third of de Moncreux's party gripped by the arm an elderly priest who was raising an unavailing protest against his captivity.

They turned at our entrance and met our leveled pistols.

"Put up your hands," I commanded.

They obeyed.

"*Mon père,*" I addressed the priest, "do me the kindness to divest these gentlemen of their weapons."

He, too, obeyed.

"Mademoiselle," I went on, "take the child, and descend. Jean Pitou will accompany you. Order a fresh horse saddled for yourself at once, and see that ours are ready at the door. We two will join you in five minutes. That should give you time enough. Monsieur de Moncreux and his companions will remain where they are."

Antoinette took the child and left the room, accompanied by Jean.

The elderly priest's fingers finished their unaccustomed task. I requested him to divide the weapons between us, and he did so. Then I suggested that he begone, and he acquiesced in that likewise, with commendable speed.

Still covering de Moncreux, I backed toward the door.

"René de Moncreux," I told him, "your plan to usurp Chatraix will not succeed. If you abandon it, you will have nothing but this night's indignity to regret. If not, the consequences are your own concern."

We left the room. I locked the door and pocketed the key. Antoinette was waiting with our horses and the child. We mounted on the instant and set off again into the night.

The fog was now almost dispelled, and the moon shone bright on the sleeping city. The narrow, crooked streets were patched with light and shade. A clock chimed twelve . . . Six hours since I had ridden into the fog with Antoinette de Chatraix? Six years, perhaps. Six hours, impossible!

She told me briefly what had befallen her since we parted. Victor grew restless and cried; my horse gave her trouble; the fog was heavy enough to blind her, and she had no light. Small wonder that her cousin and his men overtook her, in spite of their delay in the woods.

They were astonished to find her, believing her to have been unhorsed in the wood. She pretended not to understand them. She knew nothing of a riderless horse. Puzzled and exasperated, René declared she should pay for her folly. He would marry her that night.

Arrived at the Coq d'Or, they led

her to the salon on the first floor, and descended to refresh themselves in the public room—a function indispensable to René, as it seemed. He sent for a priest. Lest his bird should fly a second time, he placed a man on guard outside her door. But she contrived, for a consideration, to enlist his services in her behalf: he smuggled in to her paper and pen, and smuggled out again the message to me. This a fellow servant carried to the Oiseau Rouge.

The cleric arrived; the party mounted to the salon. At this juncture I appeared, with my men. Antoinette heard us, and I did not wonder. De Moncreux came to the matter in hand with a threat against the child's life if she did not marry him at once. Trusting that I would hear her, she cried her refusal aloud. The rest I knew as well as she.

When she had done, I gave a brief account of my ride through the wood and arrival at the Coq d'Or. She listened with an eagerness which tried me hard, hanging on my words with eyes wide and lips half-parted. The moonlight touched her face to dazzling whiteness; against it lay her hair and eyes and garments, pools of wizard's black. Thin shreds of mist, still hanging in the air, blurred the outlines of her form to mystery, so that she seemed a creature unreal, imagined, and I dared not look at her for long.

I finished my story and there fell a silence. My heart was going at a mad rate and I kept my eyes on the road before me.

"It would be futile," she said at last, "to try to thank you." Her voice was light and clear, elfin and unreal as the rest of her. "I have incurred to-night a debt I cannot pay, were I to live forever."

We were now come to the west gate of the city, and had only to follow the road before us direct to Chatraix. We set off at top speed. It was exhilarating beyond belief to feel the ground slip under me, and the sharp night air whip by. Out in the moonlight, and going at a gallop on a wide white road, with two good men beside me, and safety before, what more could I have asked after the crawling and cold and uncertainty of the past six hours?

We had ridden for perhaps an hour when Antoinette raised her hand and pointed down the road.

"Look," she said. "The Château."

Not far ahead of us the white road was lost to sight in a mass of trees and shrubbery, banked above the road in a gentle slope. The summit of the hill was bathed in moonlight; the base was in deep shadow. Highest and whitest, topping the hill, stood two towers and the edge of a wall, just visible above the trees.

"Thank God!" I said. "You are safe now, Mademoiselle."

"Yes. By your kindness, Monsieur."

But we rejoiced too soon.

No sooner had she spoken than a shot rang out from behind us, and a bullet whistled past my ear and sang into space down the road. I reined up short and wheeled.

"Halt, men!" I cried. "About face! Ride on, Mademoiselle! For the child's sake, ride, ride!"

I had but one thought: to hold our pursuers at any cost till Antoinette and the child reached the Château.

I made out René, the biggest of the three, and rode hard at him. He swerved into the brush by the roadside, hoping to pass me by a ruse. I turned my horse, and fired. His pistol echoed mine. I felt a shock,

and a burning in my shoulder; but to that I paid no heed, for he threw up his arms and fell, and his riderless horse galloped past me, and thundered away down the road.

Shutting my teeth over a fire in my left shoulder, I rode up to see how it was with him.

He lay on his back, one arm thrown from him, the fingers still clasped on the pistol. I dismounted, and covering him with my second pistol, drew near to see if he were living or dead. He lay as if insensible; but suddenly he flung up his arm and fired.

I threw my arm before my face. The ball struck my elbow and shattered it. The pistol dropped from my hand, and I fell on my knees before de Moncreux. He reached up and caught me by the throat.

"It is all over now," I thought.

My right arm was useless; my strength was going fast. Nevertheless, I managed to put a knee on his chest, and strain backward against his grip. With the fingers of my left hand I felt for his throat. I was bleeding furiously, and there was a blackness before my eyes and a roaring in my ears. How long I could have held out, I do not know; but as in a daze I saw a figure come running, and stoop, and pick up something from the ground. There was a flash and a report. De Moncreux's fingers loosed their grip on my throat.

I fell back into space. Something caught me by the shoulders and lowered me gently to the ground. Darkness settled on me; but for an instant, as in a dream, I saw before me the face of Antoinette.

I awakened where it is by no means unusual to awaken: in a bed. But it was a strange bed, in a strange room; and there was something very strange about me. I was bound and tied down as if by weights. I tried to raise myself, but could not. I tried to move, but could not. I was further aware that to live was very pleasant, but to breathe was abominably painful. And that was the strangest of all.

I lay puzzling over this for some time but could make nothing of it, until suddenly I remembered what I had seen last: a white face that hung above me, and faded into darkness.

Then the events of a long night crowded themselves into my memory, and I knew that I must be at Chatraix.

Where were Antoinette and the child? Were they safe? Were they well? Was I indeed under the same roof with them? I made a frantic effort to raise myself on my sound elbow, and almost succeeded, but the shoulder above it decided otherwise. I fell back, with an exclamation half of pain, half of disgust at my impotence.

Immediately the curtains into an adjoining chamber parted, and Antoinette de Chatraix stood between them. She came quickly to the side of the bed, and took my hand that lay on the coverlet. I throbbed from head to foot from my effort to move; but it was a moment I wished could last forever.

"You are safe, Mademoiselle? And Victor?"

She nodded. Her lips trembled in a smile.

"We are safe. *You* should know that. It is you who saved us . . . Victor, and Chatraix, and me. And at what cost, I . . . I dare not . . . think . . . "

To my dismay, her eyes filled.

"At no cost," I protested, "none.

It is I who am your debtor—for my life. You cannot deny it. Did you not stay behind when I ordered you on to the castle? Did you not—Antoinette?"

Her fingers tightened on mine.

"Yes," she said.

"Why was that?" I asked.

The color mounted in her cheeks.

"Chatraix mattered nothing to me, if—if you had been killed."

I lay, in incredulous delight, asking myself if I dared trust my hearing, if I dared believe what she had said. Then it occurred to me to address the question to her, as better fitted to answer it than I.

"Do you mean that, Antoinette? Do you mean—do you—?"

I stumbled to a halt. There was a silence, broken only by the pounding of my heart in my ears. I felt the pressure of her fingers on my hand, and suddenly she raised her eyes, and met mine full.

"I mean it all, all. When you left the inn with us, in the fog, it was Victor, Chatraix, myself. When he fired at you—on the road—it was you, only you."

AT THE EASTER MASS

By Sister Mary Pierre Boucher

RESURREXI, et adhuc tecum sum, alleluia . . .

And the violets stir and the crocuses tremble
Under the sod in the life-filled earth;
And throngs of buttercups quickly assemble
Under the grasses, ready for birth.
At the sound of His Voice,
Rejoice, rejoice!

Hæc dies, quam fecit Dominus . . .

And the morning moon and the restless stars
Call to the sun that the night is past;
And the planets carol in timeless bars
That the Lord is coming, at last, at last.
In His glorious Voice,
Rejoice, rejoice!

Etenim Pascha nostrum immolatus est Christus . . .

And the rim of the dawn creeps over the day,
And over the waters, and over the hills,
While the Breath of the Christ enlivens the clay
With the fragrance of love that His glory distills.
In the scent of His Love,
Delight, O Dove!

Victimæ paschali laudes . . .

Oh, the Victim of Love is triumphant this hour,
And the air is alive at the touch of His Hand;
And the song of the bird is filled with His power,
For His mercy is scattered like flame through the land.
In the scent of His Love,
Delight, O Dove!

Maria Magdalene et Maria Jacobi et Salome emerunt aromata . . .

And my heart that was full of Gethsemane's chill
Is rich with the perfume they brought for my King;
And the tumult of sorrow and terror is still,
While the stars and the dawn and the flowers sing.
At the sound of His Voice,
Rejoice, rejoice!

Spiritum nobis, Domine, tuæ caritatis infunde . . .

O Christ the Lover, O Christ the Light,
O Christ the Splendor, the Hope of the race,
Enfold me with charity, strong and white,
With mercy and gentleness, comfort and grace,
That my soul may rejoice
At the sound of Thy Voice,
In the scent of Thy Love
Delight with the Dove,
In Thy Glory rejoice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

DEFEATIST AS POET

By John K. Ryan

To name those men and women in present-day literature whose work will prove to be at least relatively permanent is no easy task. Being so close to the novelists, playwrights, historians, essayists, poets and the rest who are to-day so numerous and productive makes it difficult, almost impossible, to see them in their true proportions. Dominated, as we must be dominated, by the spirit of the age in which we live, there is always the danger of thinking that those who are most typical of the age, who speak for it with most authority, and who have received from it the highest acclaim, are those who have the best chance of keeping the place of dignity that they now hold. Yet the very fact that they are the authentic voice of their time is the surest proof that they will not outlive it. Can we not already see the amused contempt with which the next generation will refer to the "daring," "radical" and "original" ideas of men like Shaw and Wells? Such men cannot last because they belong as essentially and completely to a definite and restricted period as do the spring styles or the autumn football heroes.

With certain others the case is different. These others—and they are not many—possess a universality, a timelessness, that will make them acceptable in other days than our own. They are little interested in what is smart and popular at the present time; their concern is with problems of thought and action common to all men and found in all times. If they give this age's answer to those problems, that fact will bring them a measure of lasting fame. If their answers rise to a higher level and possess something of the universality of the problems themselves, then a more select company is joined and a more secure renown is in store. Such a one, it is not too much to say, is found to-day in A. E. Housman. He belongs to what may be called the philosophical tradition in poetry. His concern —a philosophical concern, it is true, but not therefore cold, remote and impersonal—has always been with the deepest and most poignant things in life. With what Housman has thought and said of these things one may passionately disagree. Yet his thought is so intense and his expression of that thought is so perfect and complete as to indicate for him a lasting place in the ranks of the philosophical poets. Certainly, his work is worthy of the closest study both as to form and content.

Alfred Edward Housman was born in 1859 and was educated at St. John's College, Oxford. In 1882 he became a higher division clerk in the Patent Office in London, and remained there until he was appointed Professor of Latin in University College. From there he went in 1911 to his present professorship at Cambridge. His writings are divided between works of scholarship —editions of Juvenal, Manilius and Lucan, and numerous articles in

classical reviews—and his poetry. His published verse includes some translations from the Greek dramatists, some Latin verses that have been accorded high praise, and the two small volumes, *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*. The first volume appeared in 1896. *Last Poems* was published in 1922 and is prefaced by the following note, dated September, 1922: "I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written s h o u l d be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it dates between 1895 and 1910."

Rarely does a poet win a sure place in literature by so slight a production as that of A. E. Housman. Few his verses assuredly are, yet they are of such uniformly high quality that it is not too much to say that the sixty-three poems of *A Shropshire Lad* and the forty-one of *Last Poems* have given him a permanent place in English literature. Even so dour a person as Housman is reported to be must be gratified at the generous and universal praise that is now extended to his work. Gratification, not u n m i x e d with cause for genuine annoyance, may also be found in that sincerest flattery with which his work has so often been favored. Like many another thing that is distinctive and possessed of a degree of perfection, Housman's poems h a v e in more than one instance been made the object of d i r e c t imitation. His thoughts have been borrowed, his mood assumed and his accent appropriated with a facility and to a degree that are often more than irritating. Annoying as such imitations may be, they do not detract from the authentic character and worth of Housman's own work. This belongs to the best traditions of lyric poetry and has carried those traditions on.

To pass a purely literary judgment upon *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* is an easy task, for little more need be done than to point out the obvious, to recognize perfection. Here is the perfect union of emotion, thought and expression. These thoughts and feelings have belonged to others before and since, and have been expressed by them, partially, heavily, obscurely. In Housman they find their consummation in fullness and intensity, and in him also are found the native skill and the cultural traditions and discipline necessary f o r their expression. Clarity, simplicity, compression, these are from the Greeks and Romans; but with Housman they are English and modern as well. Simple rimes and meters; simple words, words sometimes old and different but always right; a few turns of phrase, new because so old—such things mark these poems. Artifice also is here, but such as one wishes, and such as combines with nature and fact.

To illustrate Housman's poetry is as easy a task as to criticize it. Only one difficulty shows itself. Few as Housman's poems are, they present so uniform a character of excellence as to make almost an embarrassment of riches. Where all is typical, one, like the thirty-third poem from *A Shropshire Lad*, will serve—

"From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

"Now—for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

"Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way."

The work of most poets will bear another scrutiny in addition to that of form, and especially is this true of those poets who are called philosophical. The appeal and power of the philosophical poet must ultimately rest on his thoughts rather than on the way he expresses them. True, it is not always an easy task to consider these thoughts objectively, that is, in themselves and apart from the poetic mold into which they have been cast; but the result is sometimes surprising and always worth the effort. Often such a searching will reveal depths of meaning far different from what appears on the surface. There are, of course, objections made to such a procedure on the theory that poetry may be judged on no other than poetic grounds. The objection is not valid. Granting all that must be granted to an author and his work, it is yet as possible and permissible critically to examine his ideas as it is uncritically to take them as a matter of course.

Philosophic poets do more than express a personal mood or conviction, and particularly is this true of A. E. Housman. He presents a theory of life; he offers illustrations, constructs arguments and draws conclusions in favor of his theory. He is didactic and dogmatic: his assertions and proposals are made with force and finality. He universalizes: his dogmas are held to apply to all men. He is persuasive and hortatory: holding that he expresses what is universal rather than merely individual, he appeals to other men to accept his premises and draw his conclusions. Hence it is not only licit but even necessary for the complete understanding of Housman's poems to examine them from the practical and rational as well as from the æsthetic point of view. When the dogmas of a philosophic sect are put forth, whether in verse or in prose, as universal, absolute and final truths, it is well to examine them as to their absolute validity, their universal and final truth.

Belonging to the long line of philosophic poets, A. E. Housman is neither a philosopher who writes verse nor a poet, like Lucretius or Pope, who has set before himself the conscious and formal task of putting the thought of a sect or school into verse. He does not belong among the Olympians; he moves rather in the company of Horace and Omar, of Arnold and Clough and James Thomson. It is not that he is their immediate kin in character, thought and expression, but like them his mind has been colored, his heart molded by the spirit of his age and by its material forces as well. In the case of Housman more than the others, further and more intimate sources for his work must be sought. Experiences common to most men, external conditions and forces, and training and tradition, whether natural or cultural, are not enough to explain the temper of his work. This temper must bear an explanation that is personal in the fullest

and most basic sense, for it results not only from an emotional nature that is intense and passionate, but also from a clear intelligence and a deliberate will.

Philosophically, Housman is both a Stoic and an Epicurean, and there is consistency, not a contradiction, here. In their highest interpretation—or should it be said, in their lowest terms?—these two philosophies, as Walter Pater has pointed out, are one. At first sight as far apart as the poles, they are in reality the same in essence and results. Both are practical, that is, they are concerned primarily with the conduct of life; both are subjective, lacking the saving anchorage of the objective; both withhold any real hope for a future life; both appeal to an irrational principle—Fate in the one case, Chance in the other—as the supreme power; both lead inevitably to disaster and despair. So complete can be this identity of these two ways of looking at life that sometimes it is difficult to distinguish them. Thus in the case of Housman and his poetry it is hard to quote passages that illustrate one rather than the other. They are only logically distinct, or else they are inseparably interwoven in the same lines and stanzas.

Over and over throughout *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* is repeated the Horatian injunction, *Carpe diem*. In the springtime the Shropshire lad bethinks himself that of his three score years and ten there are only fifty left for looking at the blossoming cherry trees. He hastens to gather the Lent lily that fades on Easter day. Herrick's warning to the slugabed is renewed, for there will too soon be time enough for sleep. The lad who has work to do must be at it when his day is at prime, before the wholesome flesh decays, before the willing nerve is dumb. Best is the resolution to have lived a little while before one dies forever. It is talk and laughing that make the rough road easy; jesting, dancing and drinking that spin the heavy world around; the feather pate of folly that bears the falling sky. The final, fading notes of *Last Poems* carry the same burden—

"The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I."

Not so frequent are the Stoic exhortations to courage and strength of soul, but they too are predicated on quick-coming death. In a London gallery, the old Greek statue eyes the Shropshire lad and speaks to him: Courage, lad, 'tis not for long. So also the soldier is advised that he who flies only lives to die another day, and therefore he should stand and do his best, bad though it be. Even when the end is near there is no reason for dread, for in all the endless road there is nothing but the night. Since trouble alone is sure, the wise man will train for it rather than for good. Throughout all these lines there is emphasis upon human friends, lads and maids. Company as well as beef and ale can cheer the heart of man; love and sport can lighten his days.

These are only the premises of the argument; the conclusion is far different. Cyrenaic or Stoic, it is all the same. Futility, despair, death

and the eternal night of the grave, these are the true subjects of all the poet's thoughts. Here is pessimism, deep, deliberate, pervasive. It is the informing spirit of these poems almost without exception. Implied where it is not expressed, it is a pessimism that is metaphysical as well as ethical in character. It finds man's deeds f u t i l e and all else flawed and worthless. High heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation, and (in one of the few lines that are not poetry) the making of the world is charged to a brute and blackguard. B l o w n together by Chance or Fate, man is here to suffer God's bedevilment as well as that of his fellows. He does not make laws for them, but they must force their laws on him, and from them there is no escape. The Heraclitean idea is repeated over and over: Life is an evil, for man is born only to die. Birth is death, and life is a curse; there is no such thing as good; man's journey to the grave is only a long fool's errand; man is helpless to aid h i m s e l f or his friends; his is a sword that cannot save; self-slaughter is the end of the wise and hardy fellow.

If futility and despair are the theme of Housman's two books of poetry, not the least of his poetic virtues is the skill with which he repeats in poem after poem the same unvarying thoughts. Given a hundred poems on the same subject, one might well expect monotony instead of the variety that is found. Almost every ancient as well as modern expression of the pessimistic creed is found here. There is the attempt to escape by make-believe, and in the forgetting found in liquor, love and fights. There is the anti-intellectualism that is the ultimate form of conscience making cowards of us all. If a man thinks, he fastens his hand upon his heart; thought, therefore, is an added evil, for it only brings one face to face with ugly realities. Not o n l y Heraclitus is here, but here also is Schopenhauer with his negation of the will to live and his arguments for suicide. Here too is the Manichæan counsel that evil is to be resisted with evil, for one can become immune to evil, as to poison, by feeding upon it. Here is the complete disavowal of personal responsibility, the blunt and final refusal to admit a justice that will both punish and reward. Since anguish, r a g e and impotence are man's lot, since he seeks escape and finds that there is no real way out, there remains but one thing to do: the victim can blind his eyes, refuse to think, deny all personal concern or fault, and take refuge in a defeatism that says that its true name is victory.

Utterly lacking in *The Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* is any slightest trace of Christian thought or feeling. The ancient delusions and snares are raised again and reaffirmed, but whatever w o u l d give dignity, meaning and beauty to life is rejected and denied. More than that, there is at times a deliberate perversion of c e r t a i n of Christ's thoughts and words. Thus the culprit, a familiar figure in Housman's pages, says of his mother that when she bore him she was a fool and glad. So too the Savior's warning that it is better to enter into life maimed or lame than having two hands or feet to be cast into everlasting fire is elaborated, in a sort of *a minori* argument, into a characteristic p l e a for self-destruction. Something of the same antagonism to Christian belief is found in more

than one reference to human heroes, saviors who could save others but not themselves. Beyond such uses of Christian words and thoughts, the poems are un-Christian and pre-Christian in all that they express. Hope gives way to despair; confidence to fear; the affirmations of faith to the negations of dogmatic skepticism. A blind and malignant power holds the place of a Father Who is in heaven, loving His children and provident of them. Of human suffering there is much, but there is no perception of the supernatural value that it may possess. At best, suffering may be borne with an embittered and hopeless resignation that is a whole infinity removed from the acquiescence that makes pain and sorrow divine. The first and greatest commandment of the Law gives place to love and friendship for a few. Limited and purely human as it is, this source of help proves its own insufficiency and becomes another reason for the inevitable frustration and defeat. Death, whose sting was once drawn, and the Grave, whose victory was once taken away, reassert their sway. One cannot read this new statement of old dread without learning the deepest meaning of those words of St. Paul: And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you may not be sorrowful, even as others who have no hope.

If there is nothing of the supernatural here, it is equally true that the thought of these poems is as alien to a healthy pagan naturalism as it is to a supernatural view of life. The soldier's end, the gallows tree, the grave of the man who slays himself for love or weariness, the certainty of personal destruction, awaited with mingled dread and welcome—here are the subjects of most of Housman's work. It is a strained and false interpretation of such poems to hold that this constant thinking on death is anything but a constant and effective denial of life. The mourning for lost youth, the nostalgic yearning for its scenes, the self-pity and self-deception, the refusal to admit human culpability, the cries of injustice done, the rejection of thought—all these have place only in the heart of one defeated and ever striving, day and night, to escape from life and to evade its realities. In reading Housman no greater error can be made than to be misled by the beauty of the words into thinking that they express courage and strength. Here are not courage and strength, but weakness, defeat and flight. There is in Housman's work much of the tears of things, much of the moving pathos and poignancy that arise from human pain and sorrow. New and daring images are used to illuminate old thoughts and feelings. All combine to give a complete and flawless utterance to the inmost things that one man has thought and felt. Yet these are above all philosophical poems, and their philosophy remains old, false and shallow. Beauty, variety, daring and newness of form cannot alter or ennoble what is base and ignominious.

Complaint is sometimes made at the lack of biographical data afforded by A. E. Housman to his readers and critics. It is a strange complaint in view of the fact that his poems constitute an autobiography that is unequalled for the clarity and candor with which it reveals the inmost secrets of the heart. Every secret save one is told; that is the deepest of all, and it is guarded

well. Suppressed and denied, it thereby reveals itself. To the searching eye a human soul lies completely bare in these verses, self-revealed in all that it tells and even in the little (but that little is the most important of all) that it thinks to have hidden so securely. A soul lies bare, not for scorn but for pity and something akin to awe.

Despite the essential falsity and weakness of this defeatist view of life and despite the condemnation that must be passed upon the dominant thought and mood of A. E. Housman's poems, his work stands as a genuine poetic achievement. The power and perfection of these poems are beyond question. Beyond question also are the fullness and finality with which they express what has been called the modern temper. This temper is compact of disillusion and despair, of frustration, defeat and rebellion, all of them unjustified and unwarranted but yet real and working. The modern temper gives its answers to questions that vex all men. Inadequate and deceptive as those answers are, not so new and original as the moderns often think them to be, yet they must be heard. Nowhere can they be heard so clearly and completely as in *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*.

HIS LAST ON EARTH

By Sister Miriam, R.S.M.

WHILE Peter, James and John were fast asleep,
The night Christ knelt in agony and prayed,
A wakeful woman dared to hide and weep,
Befriended by the olives' deepening shade.

And, while He prayed where He would pray no more,
As man, after this night, His last on earth,
Remorseful eyes saw blood from every pore
Ooze forth to give a new-found love rebirth.

Alone, she followed Him among the trees
When He arose and went to meet His death.
"Hail, Rabbi!" hung upon the lifting breeze
That bore a sweeter word on sweeter breath.

Tearful, she watched Him on His mournful way,
Then turned for comfort to the warm, red clay.

IN KINDERGARTEN AMERICA

By Charles Willis Thompson

THE other day, browsing in a friend's library, I came upon an old book. It was not precisely new to me, but I had never read it, and it was fifty years since I had seen a copy of it. That was in a friend's library, too, some friend I have forgotten, most likely long since dead. I say "fifty years" as an approximation; I was somewhere between ten and fifteen when I saw those brilliantly blue covers and the gold lettering on them. Certainly I had never once thought of the book since.

Often it takes some little unimportant incident to crystallize or visualize what one knows. Intellectually I knew as well as any one else that the America of the twentieth century had parted company forever with the America of its own past; that, like the rest of the world, we are as definitely at the end of an epoch and in the birth-throes of another as this same world was in that process of centuries, which we inadequately call "the fall of the Roman Empire." It did not take a little blue-bound book, published in 1878, to tell me that. Yet, after I had taken the book to my room and mused over it for some days, what I knew—but only knew intellectually—became visible.

It is only of this one matter that I am speaking, this cleavage between the present and the past America; and only in one aspect of it, its way of thinking, and thinking of itself. What was printed in the book was not new to me; it is a simple enough book, telling only what were twice-told tales to the reader of 1878. What I found in the book was nothing its author intended to tell, for he thought he was telling about men of the past. What he did unknowingly tell me was about himself, and what was more important, about the millions of Americans to whom he spoke—the Americans of 1878; yes, and the Americans of all the years afterward, until the world-wide change now beginning had assumed such proportions as to be influential on the thought of men. That mental puberty cannot be dated, but for convenience may be called "the first twenty years of the twentieth century."

After such an exordium you will doubtless expect to hear the name of some thought-provoking work on science or philosophy. No, the little book is only Captain Willard Glazier's *Heroes of Three Wars*. You never heard of Glazier, but he had a great vogue from fifty to sixty years ago. In my boyhood, anyway up to the time I was twelve or thirteen, I seldom entered another house without seeing some one of Glazier's blue-and-gold books on the shelves, in any of the three States wherein my boyhood was successively passed. He was an uninspired writer, but his merit was that he was conscientious and painstaking and wrote only what he believed to be true. This is to be remembered, because if he had been fallacious or flamboyant this rediscovery of him would not have been worth mentioning; certainly would have incited no

such reflections as it actually did.

Looking through his book, the mind of that vanished America seemed reflected as in a mirror. In one aspect, anyway: its conception of itself. A long-vanished conception, that; but the conception (I now know that I knew) which it had had not merely in the few years preceding 1878, but always. America does not have it now; has even forgotten that it ever was; but it was the conception of the earliest American times. In that difference may be measured the changed mind of America.

For Glazier was speaking to a mind attuned to his; he was setting forth nothing which would not receive a prompt and unquestioning "Yes, that is so." He had no idea that he was expounding 1878 America and its view of its own past, but that is what he does expound to-day, and it is all he does. Not 1878 only, but all America before and for years after 1878.

How, then, did America regard its past? We can trust Glazier to tell us, all the more because he had no idea he was doing it; a popular author not through any meretricious adornments, but because of that very plodding and uninspired care in the repetition of familiar things which makes one wonder how 1878 could have been so eager to spend money on such dull books.

The "three wars" were the Revolution, the Mexican War, and the Civil War, and the first significant thing to strike us is that all three are treated alike. The twentieth century has forgotten the Mexican War, or remembers its name as that of an incident in our westward expansion, on a par with Lewis and Clark's expedition or even the Colorado gold rush of 1859. But in 1878 it was an imperishable historic monument to American arms. Its hero, General Scott, survives in the mind of the fairly well-informed man in the street only by virtue of the expletive, "Great Scott!" But in 1878 he must have towered over Sherman and such-like smaller gods in the American valhalla; for in Glazier's preface Washington and Scott are the only ones in his cast who appear in the first paragraph and are the subject of it. In the second paragraph Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Meade are mentioned, but only by name; and the third begins, "Washington, Scott and Grant are names that will live forever in our history." Three of a kind, you see.

Remembering that Glazier thinks he is saying nothing new, nothing that does not command the universal assent, the names of the stars in his constellation stir thought. How many of them are even names to-day? They were all coruscating realities when he wrote, or he would not have written about them. Twelve are Revolutionary demigods, seven of the Mexican War, twenty-one of the Civil War; forty immortals in all. Among them are Hugh Mercer, William Jenkins Worth, John E. Wool, James Shields, Charles May, Henry Warner Slocum, and Edward Dickinson Baker.

New York City men of the downtown district—if any still are left down there who are New Yorkers and not residents of New Jersey, Westchester County, and Long Island—may identify two of these names as familiar through the names of Mercer Street and Worth Street. The names, but not the men. When those streets were made happy with those great names, America supposed their fame would shine for-

ever beside that of Washington (Mercer's commander) and Scott (Worth's). That was natural enough; but the point here is that this supposition was fully justified —down, that is, to 1878 and some years after. When I was a young man, Mercer was still remembered, though the General himself was killed in his attack on Princeton; and that was one hundred and twenty years before. Quite a long immortality had Mercer; snuffed out before the turn of the century which succeeded his. He would have it yet, had not the mental attitude of America toward its past changed.

Worth, too, seemed assured of immortality. Who was Worth? you ask. Each of Captain Glazier's chapter headings is a good-sized paragraph in itself (that was a literary custom then and for centuries before) and I have not room for his whole heading on Worth; but from a few selected lines an idea of his omnipresent eminence in the Mexican War may be gleaned: "With Taylor in Mexico.—At Monterey.—Given an Independent Command.—Storming of Federacion Hill.—At Vera Cruz.—Perote and Pueblo.—Capture of El Molino del Rey.—Storming of Chapultepec." These scattered fragments of Glazier's monumental chapter heading will inform those who have heard more than the bare name of the Mexican War that Worth played as great a part in Scott's army as in Taylor's.

Even those who know something more of that war might be puzzled by the inclusion along with Major Generals of Colonel Charles May; and this is another proof of the change in the American mind toward the American past. For May, though only a Colonel, was still a magic name in my childhood, fifty years ago. The name appeared not merely in histories of the war, but in histories of the United States, and in one-volume histories at that, which had room only for what were thought to be really prominent names from Columbus down. May was only a dashing figure who symbolized the picturesque and dramatic side of the war; but he was still remembered, thirty years after the war was over and when a great war within the Union had come between the two decades and might have been expected to efface his name altogether.

More striking still, as indicative of the boyish enthusiasm of the old America and the maturity of its thought now, is the fact that among the Revolutionary figures Chapter I is, naturally, devoted to Washington and the second, not so obviously, to Joseph Warren; and that among the Civil War figures that of E. D. Baker has more pages than Admiral Farragut and only one less than General Sheridan. Warren and Baker were orators who whipped up the excitement before their respective wars. When war came, each of them donned a uniform, but neither had a chance to fight; both were killed in their first encounters, and Warren was not even in command. It would be difficult to imagine any book today about the World War figures in which Pershing and his Generals should have to divide their fame with some orator—say Congressman Augustus Peabody Gardner—who had stimulated the war spirit in Congress, as Baker had done, and then joined the army. Gardner, it is true, was not killed in battle, but the war service caused his death; and who remembers him now? Is it as Major Mitchel that a Mayor of New

York is remembered? America has grown up since the days when it indiscriminately placed the Ellsworths, Winthrops, Warrens, and Bakers in its military pantheon because they were killed in uniform. In my boyhood Ellsworth was a far more familiar name than Meade or Thomas. But so extremely realistic has twentieth century America become that it is not any too well acquainted with the names of even its very Generals in the World War, much less of its Bakers or Ellsworths; it has something else to think about, a changing epoch.

Who were the great men in America's pantheon—not, be it remembered, solely the America of 1878, but of the whole preceding America? In the Revolution, Warren, the orator, gets the same space in the book that Putnam and Marion get, and only a page less than Lafayette. John Stark, who drove off the Hessians at Bennington, has the same space as Warren. George Rogers Clark, who conquered the West and made America an empire, is not mentioned; America was ignorant of him. This, however, is not among immature America's chargeable errors; historically speaking, Clark was not discovered until well on in the twentieth century. But Stark was; and Colonel Ethan Allen, for taking Ticonderoga, gets more Glazier space than any general except Washington, and nearly three times as much as Greene. Greene, incidentally, ranks away below the partisan raider Marion.

Civil War fame is distributed more in accordance with later adjustment, though it is humorous to find Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, getting only the same space as that military misfit Franz Sigel and much less than Hugh Judson Kilpatrick; and surprising to see James Birdseye McPherson outranking in space (and, therefore, in the public esteem of our fathers) all the twenty other Civil War stars except Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Thomas, Hooker, and—Colonel Ellsworth, killed before ever he drew his sword! Even Sheridan has to yield place to McPherson.

Glazier's very mistakes throw light on this difference between boy America and grown-up America. For they are not the mistakes of Glazier, but of his time and of the whole relatively prehistoric American time. Glazier honestly took his history as he found it. Furthermore, while heaven knows the children of our fathers can make egregious blunders enough, they do not make the same kind of blunders. The nineteenth century blunders sprang from eager credulity and insufficient information. Credulity is eternal, but information nowadays does not long remain insufficient.

To illustrate. One of the lines in Glazier's voluminous chapter-heading over James Shields startled me. It was "Defeat of Stonewall Jackson." As Jackson was never defeated nor even momentarily stopped, and as he never met a hostile force without pulverizing it, I eagerly turned to Page 229 to see if the forgotten Shields had really accomplished that feat and left the *Official Records* in ignorance of it. Yes, there it is: "It was Jackson's first defeat, and notwithstanding that his force was more than double that of Shields, he was for once handsomely whipped, and went flying before our pursuing troops." Mark, now, the proof that this was no individual mistake of Glazier's, but was the general belief in the

North—no less than sixteen years after Jackson met and routed Shields at Port Republic, as he routed all the other Federal commanders in the Valley in that whirlwind campaign.

In the same private library where I found Glazier's book I also found an anthology of Irish poetry, at first edited by John Boyle O'Reilly, and seemingly completed by another hand. It was published some years after *Heroes of Three Wars*. There is no date on the title page, but as it contains a poem on the death of Fanny Parnell in 1882 it was probably compiled in the late 1880's. One poem is entitled "In Memoriam. General James Shields. Died June 4, 1879, at Carrollton, Mo." The author is T. O. D. O'Callaghan, and one of his verses is:

"The memory of Winchester's day, Shields,
Is linked with thy name evermore,—
Where Jackson's grim host in dismay, Shields,
Fled, vanquished, thy onset before;
Till the last flickering moment of time, Shields,
Expires in the red flame of Doom,
The light of that story sublime, Shields,
Shall shine in thy sepulchre's gloom!

The prophecy was not fulfilled. The light of that story sublime was darkened as soon as the twentieth century history discovered that Jackson's grim host in dismay never fled before Shields's or anybody else's onset. The real story sublime is thus casually summarized in the latest Civil War book, Freeman's biography of Lee: "Ere Lee got this report, the other wing of Jackson's army had grappled furiously with Shields's advanced guard at Port Republic and had hurled it back, bloody and crippled, on the main force." And in 1935, it is to be feared, the memory of that day is no longer linked with Shields's name, as Mr. O'Callaghan expected it would be "evermore"; most people do not know who Shields was.

This poem was written in 1879, and at a guess founded on the style of printing and binding, the anthology was published in final form about 1887. It will be seen, therefore, that Glazier in 1878 was inventing nothing and was committing no mistakes; he was repeating what he never doubted to be true, and the whole North undoubtedly believed with him. Now, whatever errors 1935 may make about the World War, it could not make that particular kind of error; it could not believe that a general in 1918 won a battle wherein he was in fact as badly beaten as Shields and all the other Valley generals were, in turn, by Jackson.

Again, in his sketch of that magnificent soldier General Hancock, Glazier relates how, on May 12, 1864—notice his particularity about the date—Hancock captured several Confederate generals, one of whom was the famous Jeb Stuart. Hancock, he says, offered his hand. "Stuart drew himself up with hauteur as he said, 'I am General Stuart of the Confedrate army, and under present circumstances I decline to take your hand!' Hancock's reply is worthy of record: 'And under any other circumstances, General, I should have declined it!'"

That this melodrama was foreign to the characters of both Stuart and Hancock, Glazier could not be ex-

pected to know. The point here is the amazing fact that, fourteen years after that battle, the North did not yet know that Stuart was never captured in all his life. It is as if, in 1932, this country believed that the German Crown Prince was captured at Verdun. As I said before, credulity is eternal, but nowadays it has less to feed on.

Nor should it be imagined that the mere recency of the Civil War in 1878 accounts for it. The Revolution ended ninety-five years before 1878, but the historical sense and the critical sense were still young. In his sketch of Lafayette our author says that after his return to France from his Austrian imprisonment, "He refused the favors which Napoleon heaped upon him, and remained true to his republican principles through all conflicts." The twentieth century knows that, so far from heaping favors on Lafayette, Bonaparte—he was not yet "Napoleon"—was furious at his return, and finally consented to his remaining in France only on his agreeing to stay out of office, out of politics, out of all publicity, and to keep quiet. Lafayette kept his word, until, fifteen years later, the fall of the Empire released him to public life again.

This is a little more illuminative, concerning the American mind in its prehistoric age, than the Civil War fairy tales it believed. It helps to show that that mind had remained the same, not for a mere thirteen years, but for at least eighty, and it is certain that it had been the same from the beginning. It knew its history uncritically, and believed without either asking for proof or weighing facts and probabilities. Its interest in what went on in France or Austria was on a par with its interest in what happened on Mars. To it Lafayette was the visitor from Mars who had come to the aid of the struggling colonies, and it heard only vaguely o f w h a t happened when he flew back to Mars again. What it did hear interested it only as having happened to its hero of this world, now voluntarily exiled to his o w n doubtless less congenial planet. Of course he must be there the same god from the machine that he was here; and this was the Lafayette of American history throughout the whole nineteenth century.

There are those who, agreeing that there is a difference between America to-day and America a hundred and two hundred years ago, and that this is one side of the difference, will yet ask, "What of it? It is of no importance." There are others who will be complacent about it, and inclined to swell out over their superiority to those callow fathers of theirs. Neither of these attitudes s e e m s divinely inspired. Neither of them presents any very striking evidence of that somewhat rare commodity, common sense.

We are no more intelligent than our fathers and great-great-great grandfathers. Taking us in the mass, we are not more critical; criticism is a faculty, and is not the product of education. Human nature remains the same, not merely from generation to generation, but from æon to æon. Human reasoning power is a variant of the thing called human nature. The fashion of our sins changes, but sin stays; and this applies to intellectual sins, mental sins, as well as to moral ones. The time when wisdom and knowledge mean the same thing is in the incomputable future. Pride is a sin, and vaunting the mental equipment of your own generation above others,

and thereby meaning your own mental equipment and your friends', differs only indistinguishably from other forms of pride. It, however, is a more foolish form of pride than many others.

But the other question remains, "What of it?" Suppose the past America did have a stationary and a juvenile mental attitude toward its history—that is, toward all knowledge, for history is not different from o t h e r knowledge. Is that worth notice? Considering the kind and quality of that attitude, it is worth notice. The change is a part of that vast change now going on all over the world, as a result of which our remote descendants will find themselves in an epoch of which we cannot yet guess the form. In such upheavals the mental change has always been an early and continuing manifestation.

In the present-day manifestation, so far as it has gone, two phenomena coexist which are more readily recognizable than some others that yet are making themselves known. In light literature there are a growing frivolity and shallowness and pettiness which distinguish the age from the past one; but in serious thought the tendency everywhere is to dig deeper into foundations, to t a k e nothing for granted—a passion for the last truth that can be forced from its cavern to the surface. I have called this the development of the critical faculty. Perhaps the historian of the twentieth century will dwell on it as one of the earliest phases of the world revolution.

Whether he does or not, it is at present one of the striking indicia of a questioning time; any one, however skeptical, can see that. In such a view, this partial glance at one of the essential differences between the twentieth century America and the America of the two centuries before it is not wasted.

SYNGE STAYED AT HOME BY THE FIRESIDE

By Anthony S. Woods

"I SAT for nearly an hour," writes John Millington Synge in his book, *The Aran Islands*, "beside the fire with the curious feeling that I should be quite alone in this little cottage. I am so used to sitting here with the people that I never have felt the room before as a place where any man might live and work by himself. After a while as I waited, with just light enough from the chimney to let me see the rafters and the greyness of the walls, I became indescribably mournful, for I felt that this little corner on the face of the world and the people who live in it, have a peace and dignity from which we are shut out forever." He wrote this short but tremendously significant paragraph while sitting at home on a Sunday morning when his peasant hosts had trudged off to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

If ever an author's words answered briefly a raging controversy in a few pithy sentences, these do. Under whatever aspect one chooses to view the position of John M. Synge in the Irish Renaissance, the true answer will be found in these words. His background, his personal reactions to that background and the literary effects of these reactions can be discovered here after all the other evidence is weighed, debated and pigeonholed. This quotation is the "Open Sesame" to the just evaluation of this most curious anomaly, the paradox of the Irish Revival, named Synge.

On April 16, 1871, in the outer suburbs of Dublin, John Synge was born into a family of the class known as Ascendancy Irish. This strata of Irish society is descended from the English invaders, who in the course of the centuries have intermarried with the native Irish and prove sometimes to be more Irish than the Irish themselves. In truth, however, they have acquired many of the Irish mannerisms and customs,—the superficial gloss of the Celtic civilization, but they have not the essence of the true Celt. The soul of Ireland has never taken lodging in their Irish bodies.

On both maternal and paternal sides Synge was descended from stalwart pillars of the Established Church, the Synges of Wicklow numbering many Anglo-Irish hierarchs in their ranks.

John attended private schools in Dublin until he was fourteen when he was forced to leave because of ill health. He then prepared for college under the guidance of a tutor. In 1888 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he excelled in Gaelic and Hebrew, and from which he received his degree in 1892. As a youth he developed a marked talent for music, and a love for wandering over the countryside in search of hidden beauty which was always to have such a fascination for him.

After finishing his college work Synge turned his steps to the continent with the hope of becoming a professional musician. Literature had not yet become the goal of his life. He studied under German masters at Darmstadt, at Coblenz and

Würzburg, but soon, discouraged at his failure to make real progress, he tossed aside his ambition and began to wander through the Black Forest, studying the peasants' colorful legends and customs. He drifted into Italy where he visited Florence and Rome. Finally he settled in Paris and began desultorily to work as a hack writer. He had a half-formed intention of interpreting French life and literature in English and did quite a bit of translation and criticism of French writers.

After several years of hand to mouth existence in a French garret, he met, in 1898, William Butler Yeats, who was then nurturing the first blossoms of the Irish Revival. On Yeats' advice he gave up his Parisian critical work and betook himself to delve in the fertile virgin soil of the Aran Islands off the coast of Galway. For the next eleven years—all that was left of his earthly life—he lived among the fisherfolk of these and nearby islands, or among the peasants of Wicklow, Kerry and Connemara. From the stuff of his intimate contacts with these people, he fashioned his dramas and his books of sketches, *The Aran Islands* and *In Wicklow and Kerry*. He finished his brief span of years in a hospital bed in Dublin, in 1909.

Such then was his life, not at all sensational, rather a drifting with the stream, wandering here and there to odd places where his fancy took him in quest of beauty, to him the very breath of being. There can be no doubt, no matter what aspect we take of Synge that he had the soul of an artist. His quiet, shy, aloof soul sought ever to give response to the "supreme beauty of the world." But we are not primarily interested in cataloguing Synge's place among the masters of artistic expression in letters. Rather are we aiming to find out how intimate he was with the Irish soul and how well he expressed that soul in the testaments he has left to the world.

Stuart Sherman, the humanist critic, says in his essay, "The Exoticism of John Synge," "Apparently the 'vulgar error' will not down, which holds that the Irish Renaissance is essentially a folk movement —that the new literature is a spontaneous burgeoning of the ancient and well-nigh extinct Celtic crabtree, stirred at its roots by Mr. Douglas Hyde and a generation of peasant children reading popular poetry in the original Gaelic. The more deeply one looks into the matter the more firmly one is convinced that the historical, Catholic, England-hating Ireland which finds voice in a number of the lesser playwrights of the Dublin group, is producing little of consequence to the outside world."

This penetrating quotation sums up the earlier phase of the literary movement very aptly and truly. The Ascendancy group under the leadership of W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory and Dr. Hyde, have been producing literature of merit; they have tried to reveal the soul of the Irish and are sincere in their efforts to do so. But as Daniel Corkery says, "they are only Ascendancy." Their heredity and their traditions have closed their ears to the pulsing of the Celtic heart. Does this hold entirely true for Synge?

Daniel Corkery in his magnificent and scholarly work, *Synge and Anglo-Irish Literature*, sets down as the three great forces which make up the Irish being; firstly, the religious consciousness of the people; secondly, Irish nationalism; and

thirdly, the land. This analysis, when tested in Irish hearts and history, is found to be the traditional position of Catholic Ireland. These forces are ideals which have made Ireland the citadel of the Catholic Faith in northern Europe; have made her people intensely nationalistic, seething inwardly and outwardly against the domination of the English; have made her people lovers of their simple cots among the emerald hills and cobalt lakes of Ireland. So when writers, who claim to be writing about the Irish, miss one, two or all three of these forces, it can be readily understood why their works should not be classified as Irish Literature. And though an examination of their writings shows that they are aware of the third mentioned force, they disclose rarely any apprehension of the second force, and except in widely isolated instances, no trace of the strongest flame that burns within the Irish breast—Catholicism. When we find Yeats and Russell, two of the leading Anglo-Irishmen dabbling in Indian theosophy and calling it Irish mysticism, we are naturally skeptical of their revelation of inner Ireland. With the exception of a few of the lesser known dramatists, the remainder of the Abbey Theater group follows these two. But where was Synge? Did he express in his dramas and sketches and poetry the three forces which Corkery sets down, or did he, too, fail to see because of Ascendancy blindness beyond the surface of the Irish character?

Synge, as we have seen, came from the same strata of Irish society as Yeats, Russell, Lady Gregory and the others. He was born an Ascendancy man with all the hidebound traditions and deficiencies of these Anglo-Irishmen. He had just as many obstacles to clear away in his path to the true expression of the land-loving, restively nationalistic, aggressively Catholic Irish. To these difficulties Stuart Sherman, whom we have quoted above, adds another. He claims that Synge approached his task with the viewpoint of an exotic, influenced mainly by the French writers like Anatole France. He deduces this from a statement made by Mr. Yeats that when he found Synge in Paris, Synge was "full of that kind of morbidity that has found its roots in too much brooding over the methods of expression and ways of looking upon life which come, not from life itself, but out of literature." In other words, he was an æsthete of the ilk of Lionel Johnson, Oscar Wilde, and Ernest Dowson—given to musty contemplations in an ivory tower.

Mr. Sherman traces this view of Synge mainly through his poetry and his book, *The Aran Islands*. He contends (with examples drawn from Synge's one book of poetry) that he is related in a literary way to François Villon and Petrarch, and his *Aran Islands* places him in the category of vagabond æsthetes like Pierre Loti and Lafcadio Hearn, who studied and wrote of various peasantries because they were seeking new sensations to relieve their own world weariness.

Sherman seems to have written this essay not with the open mind of the true critic but rather with the preconceived notion of proving his thesis willy-nilly. It is very difficult to reconcile the portrait of Synge which this critic presents and the Synge which is gleaned from the man's own analysis of himself and his expressed theories of poetry and writing in general. For instance,

where do we find the æsthete or exotic in Synge's widely known theory of the position of modern poetry? In his preface to his one book of poems, Synge says:

"In these days poetry is usually a flower of evil or good; but it is the timber of poetry that wears most and there is no timber that has not its roots among the clay and worms . . . It may also be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal."

Such words hardly indicate exoticism. There is no urbanity, no finely polished phrasing for its own sake, no presciosity, no fever-ridden æstheticism in poetry which is brutal, in poetry whose roots are among the clay and worms, the profound and common interests of life. True it is that he admired and translated Heinrich Heine, the German lyricist and adapted songs from Petrarch and Villon, but these translations were not born of an exotic love of books, but rather because Synge believed they were expressing "the profound and common interests of life." Most important of all is that Synge as a poet is not known especially for t h e s e translations but rather for the poetry which is typically Syngean, the lyrics of peasant Ireland in which he reveals himself and his love of the simplicity of these simple poetic people.

As for the sincerity of his book, *The Aran Islands*, Corkery quotes many passages which plainly show that Synge's love of these quaint places far from the highroad of civilization arose from the harmony between them and his own shy heart. The following quotations prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Synge felt something in the soul of these islands which called strongly and surely to his wanderer's soul and was understood with a poignancy whose note rings true and clear.

Says Synge, "I have left Aran . . . Again I saw the three l o w rocks sink down into the sea with a moment of inconsolable grief."

Again he approaches Aran with:

"It gave me a moment of exquisite satisfaction to find myself moving away from civilization in this rude canvas canoe that has served primitive races since men first went on the sea."

Once more he says, "The sort of yearning I feel towards those lonely rocks is indescribably acute."

On another of his returns to Aran this extremely reticent man makes this highly emotional and significant revelation of his feelings:

"As I sat down on my stool and lit my pipe with the corner of a sod, I could have cried out with the feeling of festivity that this return procured me."

The aloof, q u i e t character of Synge and the deep, stirring of his heart make any explanation of these words seem anticlimactic and unnecessary. So we can at once conclude from them that Synge's relations with the Irish of Aran and his intimacy with their humble abodes was one of an artist's search for simple beauty and not one of a poser's search for new and vivid sensation as Mr. Sherman would have us believe. Synge cannot be wholly identified with the spirit of the Ascendancy men nor with the morbidity of the over-nice French writers. When Synge left Paris to go to Aran, he doffed h i s unnatural cloak of French presciosity and put on the cloak of the real Synge, the wanderer, the searcher for rude, primitive simple beauty.

There is a difference in his departure from Ascendancy surround-

ings to enter the homes and spirits of national, Catholic Ireland. And this we now turn to examine.

Whereas Synge left behind him in Paris the exoticism he had acquired from looking at life through morbid books, when turning from his Ascendancy background, he could not doff all of his Protestant traditions. These were inborn in him. It is easily understandable why he did not overcome his blindness toward the essential religious spirit of the western Catholic Irish when we realize how difficult it is for anyone to throw off ideas which have formed part of one's education from the days of earliest consciousness. Look for example at the terrific struggle that went on in the soul of John Henry Cardinal Newman before he was able to overcome his human frailty and step from Canterbury to Rome. Newman was a highly intellectual man and he had the added advantage of a mind that was ever groping for the truth. Contrast him with the shy, emotional, nonintellectual nature of Synge. We find, thus, a cogent explanation why the latter could not trample upon his innate prejudices and come to a realization of the vital force of the religious consciousness of Ireland. A man who has been raised to scoff at and minimize a certain set of ideas finds it almost impossible to accept these ideas as important to his neighbor's life and well-being. It redounds to Synge's eternal credit that he was able to outgrow his congenital antipathy to the patriotism and nationalism of the people beyond the Pale. But we must not forget that his inability to see into the religious feelings of the peasants prevented him from drawing a true, full-rounded picture of their souls.

That Synge expressed the Irish peasants' love of the simple cottages and that he sympathized with their national spirit is readily proved by an examination of his works. His testimony to these natural constituents of the Irish people is eloquent and manifold. Corkery takes frequent exception to the type of Celt which Synge portrays in his dramas but admits that such types can be found. We may not like such characters as Nora in *The Shadow of the Glen*, or Christy Mahon and Pegeen in *Playboy of the Western World*, but it is more than probable that Synge met such people among the ruder peasants of western Ireland. The inspiration for them can be traced to the records of his life in Aran and Kerry and Connemara. These characters are a wild lot but somehow they express a certain wild beauty that one finds in Irish characters. Few are the critics who deny that *Riders to the Sea* smells of the smoke of the sod fires and pulsates with the elemental spirit of the fisherfolk in their "warfare with wind and wave." His *Deirdre of the Sorrows* has the blood of Ireland in her veins. This is especially evident when this play is contrasted with the artificial, marble-like Ascendancy Deirdres of Russell and Yeats.

In *Riders to the Sea* Synge rose to his greatest heights as a dramatist (perhaps had he lived longer he might have surpassed it) and at the same time he delved deeper and more subtly into the Irish heart than he was ever to do again. This play is his masterpiece. The terrific battle which Maurya, the old woman, waged against the sea, the inhuman greedy sea, will stand for long as the greatest drama of the Irish. It is a majestic tragedy as a great part of the peasants' lives is majestically

tragic. Synge caught in this work that simple grandeur which is typically Irish. The highly imaginative elemental poetry which Maurya and the other characters speak could be spoken only with that strange dignity of the peasants. Perhaps the most remarkable element in this play is that Synge came very close to capturing that thing which he never understood and never attained elsewhere—the religious consciousness of Ireland. This speech of Maurya's certainly has a good deal of the Catholic in it:

"May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheumas and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone left living in the world."

Here as Corkery says, "We do not think that it is a new Synge that perhaps half consciously let these words slip from his pen; we think rather that it is the real Synge, himself, purified in the fire of his own vision."

Even Ascendancy prejudices could not keep down entirely the rising of his truthful and artistic soul. It would, however, be unsound to deduce from this one passage that Synge fully appreciated the Catholicism of his beloved peasants. If he had, he could not have kept it hidden in the remainder of his work.

This striking passage from his book, *In Wicklow and Kerry*, shows that Synge probed the soul of Ireland to such an extent that he was aware of and sympathized with the Irish patriotic spirit:

"I got on a long road running through a bog, with a smooth mountain on one side and the sea on the other, and Brandon in front of me, partly covered with clouds. As far as I could see there were little groups of people on their way to the chapel in Ballyferriter, the men in homespun and the women wearing blue cloaks, or, more often, black shawls twisted over their heads. This procession along the olive bogs, between the mountains and the sea, on this grey day of autumn, seemed to wring me with that pang of emotion one meets everywhere in Ireland—an emotion that is partly local and patriotic, and partly a share of the desolation that is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world."

This emotional reaction to the provincial and patriotic note which is sounded on all the harp-strings of the land shows an intimacy with the true people to a depth which one cannot find in other writers (with the exception of T. C. Murray and Padraic Colum, and these men were born of the people). Synge, though reticent, nevertheless had that almost plumbless depth of emotion which is frequently the case with aloof men, and this enabled him to sound the great hidden deeps in other people.

In *The Aran Islands* Synge describes the scene of an eviction of one of the peasants with this commentary:

"She belonged to one of the most primitive families on the island, and she shook with uncontrollable fury as she saw the strange armed men, who spoke a language she could not understand, driving her from the hearth she had brooded on for thirty years. For these people the outrage to the hearth is the supreme catastrophe. They live here in a world of grey, where there are wild rains and mists every week of the year, and their warm chimney corners, filled with children and young girls,

grow into the consciousness of each family in a way that it is not easy to understand in more civilized places."

Could this love of the land been expressed more simply or with such insight by an Ascendancy writer living in the civilization of Dublin and reading old Irish folklore and Indian theosophy? We are inclined to think not. Such sympathy demands as a foundation a deep understanding of the people which writers from afar never achieve.

So it is upon an examination of the works of John Millington Synge we find that he had his fingers upon the life-pulse of Ireland; that he felt and sympathized with two of the forces which cause Irish hearts to beat as only Irish hearts do. We have seen that in a moment of rare insight he even felt the third force which completes the Irish soul. But this force he never fully comprehended, because even though a keen observer he could not overcome the innate deficiencies of his birth and upbringing. Synge was able to reach the fireside of Ireland and to speak with sympathy of the home life and ideas of the Irish peasantry. His scholarly knowledge of Gaelic and his artistic soul made him able to express the Irish in a beautiful and natural idiom whose equal is not found in all the Irish Renaissance school of writers. And with his keen perception he was able to see that despite his love of the simple peasants of Aran and Wicklow, he would never be at home with them because he did not understand their spiritual devotion to their religion. And so we see him sitting beside the smoking sod fire of an Aran cottage lonely because his hosts were worshiping at an altar to which he had no entrée. We feel an acute understanding of his words, "After a while as I waited, with just enough light from the chimney to let me see the rafters and the greyness of the walls, I became indescribably mournful, for I felt that this little corner on the face of the world, and the people who live in it have a peace and dignity from which we are shut out forever."

A TEXAS SHRINE

By A. Carl Pyne

"LA BAHIA!" Born of tragedy, its history for more than a hundred years is a history of tragedies, disappointments and shattered hopes, interspersed with brief visions of consummate glory.

In the early summer of 1685 Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle waded ashore on the west bank of Garcitas Creek, followed by one hundred and twenty colonists. They were hundreds of miles from the destination for which they had sailed from France, with only the vaguest idea of their actual location on the map of the world, and none at all of the hostile country which surrounded them.

The soil upon which they landed had already been watered by the blood of Franciscan missionaries. For it was upon this same bay which La Salle called San Bernard that Cabeza de Vaca had been cast ashore by the elements nearly sixty years before. Of the priests who accompanied his expedition, at least six must have perished in sight of these same waters.

On foundations of burnt clay, the colonists built of earth, timber and buffalo hides, what they intended to be the nucleus of a vast empire, claimed in the name of their native France. They christened it Fort St. Louis in honor of their king, and over it they raised his flag.

The territory which they had occupied was claimed by Spain; principally on the strength of De Vaca's frantic efforts to get out of it. When news of the French colony reached the ears of the Spanish Viceroy at Mexico City in 1689 he dispatched an expedition to drive them out. This expedition under command of Captain Alonzo de Leon reached Garcitas Creek in 1690. But their march had been needless. Only desolation greeted them. Doors sagged from their hinges, broken utensils lay in scattered confusion. Out upon the adjacent prairie lay three unrecognizable bodies.

Of the hundred and twenty, seven staggered into De Tonty's fort on the Mississippi, two renegades surrendered to the Spanish and two boys were recovered from the Indians. The fate of the three priests who remained in camp when the last expedition set forth is shrouded in mystery. It is only certain that their lives went to swell the total of those sacrificed. The bones of the great Norman lay bleaching in the sun hundreds of miles to the northeast.

But, with De Leon into Texas came another man of destiny, Father Damien Massinet, who was destined to become the father of the Texas missions. At first he proposed to convert the old French buildings into a mission. He seems, however, to have fallen in with some wandering Tejas Indians who persuaded him to found a mission among their own tribe. So the torch was applied to Fort St. Louis, and for the next thirty years the gaunt coyote howling on the skyline and the eagle screaming from the distant blue were the only sentinels over this grave of blasted hopes.

Father Massinet founded his first mission at San Francisco de los Tejas, on the Neches River, some two hundred miles inland from Fort St. Louis. During the next twenty-five years other missions were built on the Angelina River and as far east as the boundary line near the Red River.

On his return to Mexico, De Leon blazed a new route from these missions to the Rio Bravo. This route lay inland from the coast and passed one hundred and twenty-five miles north of La Salle's colony. This became the main caravan route between the missions on the Rio Bravo (Rio Grande) and the missions in East Texas and was known as the Camino Real (Royal Road).

In response to a demand for a halfway post on this road, the Viceroy in 1718 authorized the establishment of a presidio near the headwaters of the San Antonio de Béxar River. This presidio was called the San Antonio de Béxar, and marked the founding of the present city of San Antonio. In the same year the Mission San Antonio de Valero was established across the river from the presidio. Within the next twelve years four other missions were built within a distance of twelve miles, up and down the river.

San Antonio prospered from the beginning and soon became a post of importance and the alternate seat of government in Texas. Commanche depredations along the Camino Real however grew to such proportions that the lower road was reopened. Caravans destined for the East Texas Missions were now diverted to this route which crossed Garcitas Creek about ten miles above the old fort and formed a junction with the upper road at the crossing of the Trinity River.

In 1722 the Marqués de Aguaya led an expedition back to the site of La Salle's ill-fated colony. Here on the foundations of Fort St. Louis he built the presidio of Nuestra Señora de Loreta. Nearby, friars of the Franciscan College of Zacatecas built the mission, Espíritu Santo de Zuñiga.

The Indians assigned to the new mission were five tribes variously referred to by different writers, but most commonly known as Karankawas. In view of what is known of these tribes the missionaries seem to have displayed a faith of considerably higher order than their judgment. These Indians were the only known cannibals in North America and ranked well among the most cruel and barbaric ever encountered anywhere in the world. However, Father Peña seemed to think that they would be particularly amenable. We find him confiding to his diary that, "they . . . would enter readily upon the work of cultivating the earth and their own souls, more especially because they live in greater misery than the other tribes, since they subsist altogether upon fish and go entirely without clothing." For a time there seemed to be some foundation for this belief. Within a short time more than forty families had established themselves near the presidio and others may have entered the mission. What influence the distribution of food, clothing and trinkets by the priests had upon this settlement is a matter of conjecture, but in the light of subsequent events and the experience of other missions we are forced to conclude that it was the most powerful factor.

But, whatever the original inducement, the settlement was of short duration. In the fall of 1723 a per-

sonal quarrel between the Indians and the soldiers resulted in a pitched battle. Captain Domingo Ramón was killed and the Indians fled to their old haunts. In a few weeks they returned to make reprisals on the soldiers. They soon gained the reputation of being unconquerable, a reputation which they maintained until the last member of the tribe became extinct a hundred and twenty-five years later.

At the end of four years not a convert had been made and not an Indian was to be found at the mission. They still remained in the neighborhood, however, and amused themselves by harassing both the soldiers and the priests. It is unfortunate to have to relate that this was only one of the many instances in which the priests were handicapped by the actions of the soldiers, and there is no dearth of evidence that much of it was deliberate.

In 1726 it was decided to abandon all effort to convert these tribes and to move the mission to a new location. To-day the casual wanderer over this spot would detect no trace of its ever having been inhabited. The mesquite thicket which greeted La Salle two hundred and fifty years ago has reclaimed its own, but the eagle and the coyote have gone the way of the great explorer.

Not an auspicious beginning. Another blasted hope. Yet, from the ashes of these blasted hopes, Phœnix-like, sprang a shrine, to become inseparably entwined in the history and romance of a State and nation. In its heyday, the most prosperous of all the Texas missions. Above it have floated the flags of six nations while over and around it have been fought more battles than any other place in the history of our country.

The filibusters, Magee and Long, hacked their way through its ancient gates. Into it and Texas history, stormed the immortal Bowie. It answered the call to surrender from old Ben Milam. Through its portals the wounded Fannin was dragged forth to martyrdom. With it is connected the beautiful legend of Our Lady in Blue.

Within a year of their establishment we find both the mission and the presidio bearing the suffix, "La Bahia" (The Bay). In less than ten years their original designations had almost completely disappeared, even from official records. So that now, though it stands almost fifty miles from the coast, few know it by any name other than La Bahia.

In 1726 the mission was moved to a new location in what is now known as Mission Valley, about seven miles above the present city of Victoria. In this vicinity are some small hills of soft sandstone, or more correctly speaking of cemented sand and gravel. Buildings of this stone were erected on a small eminence overlooking the Guadalupe River. Not long afterward the presidio was also moved to this location which was at or near De Leon Crossing.

The mission was now to work with the Xaraname and Tamique tribes who lived in this vicinity. These were noncoast tribes, speaking a different language, hostile to and of a somewhat higher order of civilization than the Karankawas.

Here the mission began to prosper, at least spiritually; temporally it suffered some lean years. For ten years the fathers devoted virtually all their efforts to an unsuccessful attempt to build a dam across the river from which to obtain water for irrigation. There are still traces of an old canal which seems to indicate

that from a small dam near the mission, they obtained water sufficient for the cultivation of about sixty acres. Beyond what this small enterprise afforded they were forced to live on what scanty rations could be brought in from the outside and what could be wrested from nature in the surrounding country.

In view of an annual rainfall of thirty-seven inches in this district, we are at a loss to account for these frantic efforts to procure water for irrigation. Moreover, it seems to have been unnecessary, for in 1736 they started farming without irrigation and with excellent results.

In 1746 the Viceroy commissioned José de Escandón to make a survey of Nuevo Santander, of which territory Texas was then a part, with a view to strengthening and consolidating the Eastern frontier. Escandón recommended that the East Texas missions be suppressed and all territory east of a north and south line in the neighborhood of San Antonio be abandoned. La Bahia should be moved about thirty miles southwest to a point on the San Antonio River. From this point a chain of closely linked missions was to be established, connecting with those on the Rio Bravo and up this stream to Sante Fe in the extreme northwest. Military garrisons at each of the missions were to be replaced by colonies of Spanish settlers.

The colonists would afford ample protection, besides forming an immediately productive nucleus for each mission. Working in close cooperation with the missionaries, they would become teachers and examples to the Indians. And last but not least, they would remove the constantly increasing friction between the military and the ecclesia.

Escandón left central Mexico in December, 1748 with thirty-two hundred settlers. These were made up of Spanish, half-castes and civilized Indians with their household goods, driving before them great herds of horses, cattle, burros, sheep and goats. Other settlers joined them on the way until this became one of the greatest hegiras that ever occurred on the American continent. After establishing a number of settlements in what is now the Mexican States of Coahuila and Tamaulipas, they finally reached the Rio Grande. By this time their funds were exhausted and the government refused to supply more. Settlements were established on both sides of the Rio Grande, but the project to colonize other Texas missions was abandoned.

In the meantime, however, the mission and presidio on the Guadalupe had been moved to the San Antonio. All that remains to-day on the Guadalupe are a few mounds of earth and stone, and a small section of what must have been the walls of the chapel.

The new site selected for La Bahia was at the De Leon Crossing on the San Antonio River. This point was, or later became the confluence of roads leading to the Rio Grande, Corpus Christi, San Antonio, the missions in East Texas and to the lower Trinity and Opelusas. The appearance of a settlement called Santa Dorothea on Escandón's map while the colony he proposed to settle here was to be known as Villa de Balmaceda, seems to indicate that there was already a small settlement in existence at this place.

The same soft sandstone which was found on the Guadalupe, also occurs in this region. This stone was again used in the construction

of the new buildings. The mission was built on the north bank of the river at a point where it makes a large horseshoe bend. Stone walls and barracks inclosing a chapel were built on a hill overlooking the mission from the south.

The missionaries continued to confine their efforts to the two tribes which they had moved from the Guadalupe. About this time, however, a few of the Karankawas drifted into the missions around San Antonio. This place had just been through an epidemic of smallpox which had killed off most of their neophytes. As a result, they were long on missions and short on Indians. This made it easy for the Indians to get a hearing, with perhaps a few square meals and a handful of glass beads thrown in.

The northern missions now decided to profit from La Bahia's failure and immediately launched a project to remove the Karankawas to San Antonio. Apparently the mission system was not entirely free from internal jealousy, especially where, as in this case, missions of different colleges were involved. Anyway, the San Antonio movement met with instant and vigorous protest from La Bahia. These tribes had been originally assigned to La Bahia, and in spite of the fact that they had been abandoned as hopeless for more than twenty-five years, La Bahia contested the right of anybody else to interfere with them. Incidentally, the College at Zacatecas had ordered the La Bahia missionaries to renew their efforts to convert them.

This precipitated a dispute as to jurisdiction and for awhile work was carried on among them by missionaries from both places. By virtue of geographic location and prior assignment, La Bahia occupied the better position, but this advantage was offset by the enmity existing between the Karankawas and other tribes already at the mission. Altamira, the Auditor General, assumed a neutral and not very optimistic stand in the dispute. He said that these particular Indians belonged solely to the devil and anybody that wanted them was welcome to them.

During a campaign in which the San Antonio missions claimed that soldiers were the predominant influence, quite a number of families were brought to La Bahia, and fifteen were baptized. These baptisms, however, seem to have been solely infant and deathbed affairs. Even this unpromising start was wiped out by a fresh outbreak of the old enmity between the Indians and the soldiers. By the end of 1751 there was not a Karankawa left at the mission. The situation at San Antonio was no better, and we find Altamira writing the Viceroy that "the same will be true two hundred years hence." In light of subsequent events the Auditor General seems to have been a prophet of some accuracy.

The dispute between the missions continued with charges and countercharges hurled back and forth while the Indians remained out in the blackjacks, bushwhacking priests and soldiers with entire impartiality. The dispute was finally settled by the Viceroy, who in 1755 ordered the College of Zacatecas to establish a separate mission for the Karankawas.

In pursuance of this order, Mission Nuestra Señora de Rosario was built four and a half miles up the river from La Bahia. Although larger and more pretentious than La

Bahia, it was constructed entirely of timber. Here we find the missionaries again devoting several years to building a dam for irrigation, and again we wonder why. At La Bahia four and a half miles away we find Father Solis in 1768 confiding to his diary: "It has also large cornfields. . . . On these lands cotton, melons, potatoes, various kinds of peaches, figs, etc., are grown in large quantities . . . there is no water on the farms and it is impossible to draw it from the river or any other place."

In the number of Indians gathered into the settlement, Rosario seems to have met for a while with considerable success. In a report on the two missions in 1756 the statement is made that the number of Indians at La Bahia, "large enough to consume five or six bulls a week . . . was smaller than the number at Rosario." But efforts to Christianize them were anything but encouraging. Records show that after four years there had been twenty-one baptisms—twelve adults and nine infants. Nine years later these had grown to two hundred, but the Indians were "mostly living out in the woods. They have, moreover, a repugnance and distaste for the teachings of our holy faith and the things of God . . . "

Trouble between the Karankawas and the soldiers was always certain, and seldom long deferred. About 1771 an outbreak occurred and the last member fled from Rosario. In 1791 a mission was erected for them at Refugio and the effects at Rosario were moved into it, but this effort was also short lived. The Indians remained in the woods, at war with everyone about them until they became extinct about 1846.

The mission period in Texas ended in 1793. Strife between the missionaries and the soldiers reached such bitter proportions that the missions were secularized and the missionaries expelled. When the first American settlers arrived in the vicinity of La Bahia, there were still a few members of the Xaraname tribe occupying the old mission. This name was corrupted by the Americans into "Aranamo," and the mission came to be known to them as Aranamo Mission.

The Indians, however, soon drifted away and left it deserted. Many of the walls were torn down and the stones used in building the modern city of Goliad which stands a short distance away. After the war of Texas Independence the remaining buildings were converted into a school and was known as Aranamo College. It was used for this purpose until the Civil War, when the entire class laid down their books and joined the Confederate army. To-day, only the ruined walls are left standing.

The presidio continued to be used as a garrison until 1836. In 1813 Augustus Magee, an American filibuster, captured it from the Spanish, but it was afterward retaken. Magee himself lies buried in an unmarked grave in the shadow of the walls. Nine years later another expedition under Dr. Long of Louisiana captured it from the Mexicans. They too were forced to surrender it.

Soon after Stephen F. Austin planted the first American colony in Texas, a colony, comprised mostly of young Irish immigrants settled in the vicinity of La Bahia. This settlement marked the founding of modern Goliad.

Seven days after the first shot of the war with Mexico was fired, forty volunteers from this colony under Captain George Collingsworth and

Ben Milam captured the presidio from the Mexican garrison. On December 22, 1835, ninety-two of these colonists gathered in the chapel, and using the altar for a table, wrote and signed the first declaration of Texas' independence.

After the declaration was signed, the men designed and hoisted the first flag ever to declare to the world that Texas was fighting to become a separate nation. The flag and the document were sent to the seat of government at San Felipe for approval, but the Council was not yet ready to declare for a complete severance, so the document was suppressed. The flag was later returned to La Bahia and hoisted above the old chapel. On attempting to lower it, the halyards became entangled and it was left flying from its crude staff until it was destroyed by the elements.

On March 19, 1836, Colonel James W. Fannin evacuated La Bahia in the face of a superior army. That afternoon he was surrounded on the prairie nine miles east of Goliad. After fighting a losing battle until dark, he accepted honorable terms of surrender and the next morning he and his men were marched back to La Bahia as prisoners of war. The following Sunday morning, March 29th, the able-bodied men of his command were marched out and shot down without warning. The wounded, among whom were Fannin himself were dragged into the chapel yard and unmercifully butchered. As the death cries of more than three hundred men rent the stillness of an Easter morning, the faded remnants of their flag still fluttered on the Texas breeze, while La Bahia witnessed its last and greatest tragedy.

By an act of the Republic of Texas, January 13, 1841, title to the old chapel was confirmed to the Church. In 1853 the city council of Goliad sold "the old fort yard, its walls and fixtures adjoining the Catholic Church," to the Church. When Father Plana, the present pastor, came to Goliad thirty years ago, he found the old church more or less neglected, and in a bad state of repair. Due to his efforts the old building has been saved from falling into ruin and preserved for posterity.

Services in connection with this chapel have never lapsed since Father Peña blessed the first cornerstone at Fort St. Louis. The altar is a beautiful example of early seventeenth century carving. And a missal printed in Belgium more than two hundred years ago is the one in use to-day.

Three years ago, citizens of Goliad acquired two hundred and seventy acres of land around the old mission on the north side of the river, which the State converted into a beautiful park, thus preserving the glorious relics of a bygone age so that generations yet unborn may come and pay homage to those unpretentious heroes whose sacrifices had made them sacred.

SPRING IN ROME

By Mother Mary Campion, S.H.C.J.

THE sudden flight of swallows winging home,
Whose white wings etch quick strokes in azure sky
Outstrips the straggling southern hills that foam
With weighted blossoms bearing Spring crest-high.
Old Appian aqueducts, silent, stalk away
To watch the Spring's approach in vineyards laced
With tremulous vines. Along the Ostian Way
Blue, jagged shreds of sky are cut and placed
In arches, o'er which centuries, brooding, lean
And gaze at Rome, eternally young. Within
Tall palms, green feather dusters, stretch and seem
To scatter clouds. Young, perky blossoms win
Their way with scarred and tired ruins that watch
Wild poppies burn their vestal lamps where fires
Of Vesta burn no more. Gnarled shadows patch
Old places with long strips of ragged sunshine.
And rampant beauty bids the birds unbind
The songs that make the fountains sway and fling
A thousand jewels away. To duty blind,
Time pauses, yields, and dreams eternal Spring.

THE LEPER WHO SOUGHT HIS LORD

By Katherine Burton

OUT on the distant roadway it was hot and dusty, but here in the shadow of the rocks it was cool. Not that it mattered to the little group of lepers whether they were dusty or comfortable. Nothing really mattered save a little food, the shelter of a rock for relief from the midday heat, and enough rags to ward off the night's chill. When a man's face is set toward the grave, when the living have rejected him and called him already dead, very little matters any more.

Usually the little band of outcasts sat dejectedly through the days or went as close to the road as they dared to beg alms from the passers-by, to ask in their shrill voices, muffled by the cloths over their mouths, for something to keep themselves a little longer in the world of living death. Or they spoke longingly of the palm trees by the road—how pleasant it would be to rest under them. But they knew well the law: it had been read to them when their disease had first shown itself; they must never come close to a tree lest travelers who passed under it become unclean too.

To-day there was something else to talk about. Simeon, one of the latest to join them, told of the wonder that was sweeping through Judea and Samaria. A great magician had come and men blind he had suddenly made to see, and men whom devils had tormented for years were suddenly freed. And to a woman at a well in Samaria he had told all things whatsoever she had done.

Amri was not impressed. The other lepers were older, and it is often easier to make the old believe in miracles than the young. When youth is disappointed hope goes, and Amri had been only twenty when the white marks appeared on his palms. Even now he was scarcely twenty-one. The village was not far distant where he had lived—where Deborah still lived—Deborah whom in his imagination he could still see as his swollen eyes had last seen her when they had dragged her sobbing away from him.

Amri laughed. "The magician may make the blind see and the lame walk but I doubt it. Still I will believe that he is a great magician if one of our company is healed by him," and his laugh was short and ugly.

"Lepers too," said Jethro eagerly, "I heard from one who saw a man healed. The scars were gone and the priests themselves said he was whole. If it were true . . . "

But to Amri it was a jargon of nonsense and gave him no hope. That, he left to fools like his comrades who were listening closely to the fairy tales Jethro poured into their ears.

"And he said to the Samaritan woman, 'I am the Messiah who am speaking with thee.' I heard her tell it in the market place and the men laughed at her but she was very sure."

"I am the Messiah"—if it were true!

"And," Jethro was going on, "he

said to some, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' "

What words, thought Amri, to go echoing through this desolate place. Life was for those happier ones uncursed by a plague—for the man who would w e d his Deborah one day. Wearily he turned back to the others; even nonsense w a s better than this bitter lonely thinking.

"Amri," said one, "we have a plan. Jethro says that the magician is on his way to Jerusalem. This is the road that he must take, and when he comes we will go close and perhaps he will work his magic on us."

A m r i shrugged his shoulders. "Try it if you want to, but leave me out of it," he said.

Sometimes there came clouds of dust along the road and the lepers ran forth thinking it might be the healer. Each time they came back disappointed. Once it was a Roman ruler whose slaves scattered them with bitter words. Once it was a group going to the Temple and they were kinder, for the lepers brought back food for several days and new rags for their bodies. When the healer actually did come by, they almost missed him. Only two went to meet the little cloud of dust in the distance, but suddenly t h e others heard a shout and saw them coming, running toward them.

"It is he—it is the healer," they called, tearing their cloths down to be the better heard. "Come, come quickly. He passes along the way and there are men with him—friendly men. Come quick before he takes his magic elsewhere."

They looked at one another hesitant. "Hurry, hurry," said one of those who had seen the healer, "he has a kind face. Perhaps he can help us. Jethro says one must speak to him thus, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.' Let us repeat it so that we may make no mistake in the formula."

And the chorus spoke the words, over and over, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

Amri shook his head, but he went with the rest, if only to see the magician. They hobbled along, muttering the formula, and Amri followed. A certain distance from the road they stopped, as was the rule. Then, with a common impulse, they all ran forward and dropped at the feet of a tall man w i t h a gentle face whose dusty cloak showed how hard the journey had been. From the group broke the cry they had rehearsed—but not as they had muttered it along the way. They spoke it as if it were an actual request—almost a prayer.

The disciples had been congratulating themselves that they w e r e making such good time. They knew well that when they came to the towns they would be halted, for news of the Master was always just ahead of them. A crowd would collect. There would be the sick to heal and words to exchange with those who came to question them. Now they would be in the city by evenfall to find the food and beds they sorely needed. Even the tall figure ahead of them looked tired. The last few days he had walked apart from them more than was his wont and pondered alone. Peter said he k n e w what was wrong. He was worried about his reception in Jerusalem—some evil was waiting for him there.

"I must walk to-day and I must walk to-morrow," he had said to the disciples but yesterday, "and t h e day following, because it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."

"Was it really perish he said?" asked James.

Peter nodded. "Yes, but there are so many of us. And he has such powers to heal the body—can he not also heal the angry mind?"

Judas, dark and gloomy, turned on them. "Some day he will go too far. He defies the powers of earth too much. But he can break those powers as he breaks devils. I want to see him do it. I want to see him in a place where he will have to show these Pharisees how powerful he is."

John said sadly, "Ah, Judas, you think all men must be fierce with their power. He is too gentle to defend himself thus. We must stand by him if trouble comes."

They nodded agreement as they plodded along. Suddenly a shout came to them, a loud cry as if for help, and they looked up startled to see a motley crowd approaching. They heard the familiar "Unclean" wailed at them. In weary annoyance they looked at each other. The Master was so tired; this eager crowd would keep him longer from his rest. The babble of voices from cracked, beseeching throats, finally resolved itself into a chorus: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

The lepers gathered round him as he halted and beckoned to them to come closer. The disciples shuddered at the scabs and the swollen lion faces, at the cracked hands stretched out from fluttering rags. "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us," they were intoning like children reciting a lesson.

His eyes were on them for a moment. Then he said briefly, "Go, show yourselves to the priests."

They stared at him in utter incredulity. They had had the hope, the half faith, but realization was beyond belief. Amri in fact had turned back to the seclusion of his rocks, angry that he had been made a fool of. But even as he turned he felt something different about himself. The blood seemed running anew in his body and the pain of the scabs was gone. He looked at his hands: they were smooth and whole.

He followed the stumbling crowd to the priest, turning to look at the tall figure and the group with him as they started on their way once more. He saw Jethro running to catch up with the rest of them on their way to the priest.

"I went back to thank him," he gasped, "before he was gone too far, and when I thanked him he said the most wonderful words, 'Arise and go thy way—thy faith has made thee whole.' "

Amri felt a sting of remorse. Jethro had believed it all; he, Amri, had doubted it. And here he stood, clean and whole, despite his unbelief. A moment he hesitated, meaning to add his thanks to Jethro's but the little crowd of figures had all disappeared.

"When I am in Jerusalem for the cleansing," he promised himself, "I shall find him and thank him."

The priest had heard of other lepers healed but these were the first he had seen. He peered under the rags, looking in vain for scabs and sores, saw that the dead white hair was alive and brown again—these men were as clean as himself. Something strange was assuredly going on, something that would bear investigating. But his present duty was clear. He ordered them to bring him each two sparrows and cedar wood and scarlet wool and hyssop, and the men paid for them with travelers' coins.

He killed one of the sparrows and

caught its blood in the earthen vessel ordained for the sacrifice. And the living bird he dipped in the blood of his dead comrade and the hyssop he dipped and the cedar wood. High in his hands he lifted the little sparrow red with the sacrificial blood and sent it forth into the air that it might take far away any taint of sin and evil. Then he sent the men home for further cleansing—the bathing and the shaving and other ritual, and bade them go in seven days for final purification at the Temple itself.

The ten set forth, sober and happy. Each talked of what he would do and none listened to the other, and when one left to go to the familiar place that had been his of old the others scarce marked his going.

Amri went on alone. First he must go to the house from whose door he had last seen Deborah's eyes holding his close in a last look. He went up quietly and saw her, busy with the family supper, her back turned to him, measuring the oil, piling the wheaten cakes. As if aware of some one near her she turned around suddenly. And all his life Amri was made warm and happy by remembering how swiftly she came to him. "Amri, you should not come here. They will kill you, my darling."

"No, Deborah, look, the marks are gone. I am whole. A great healer came by and the others called to him to help them—and he did—and he helped even me who did not believe he could do it. I mean to go to the Temple later and then I shall thank him."

Deborah looked at him incredulously. "Amri, you did not thank him for *that?*"

Amri shook his head. "I know I should have. But, Deborah, there was such love in his eyes I know he will understand that it was love that hurried me here to you. And in a week I go to the Temple for the final purifying. And then, my darling, we may marry and live together all our lives."

Back of them the sunset flared against white walls. Far away it struck tall rocks where a group of derelicts need no longer crouch for protection against the night. Amri hurried with Deborah's hand in his to his father, bringing him a son and a daughter too.

The group of disciples were plodding toward Jerusalem. The tall white figure ahead of them turned back suddenly. "Only one came back to thank me," he said sadly. "Only one came back to give glory to God—only one of ten."

"They should be ashamed of themselves," said Peter impetuously. "We should have told them so at the time, Master. They had no business to forget it—and after all you did for them."

John's quiet voice came out of the shadows. "Perhaps they were so happy to be well and to tell their families that they forgot—"

"They should not have forgotten," snapped Peter, who never had much patience with John's philosophy. "Do you think any of us would forget him if he healed us? I don't know about the rest of you but I know I should be the first to thank him."

"Perhaps so, Peter," said John patiently.

They trudged on without further words to their journey's end—to high Jerusalem.

Back in the little village there

was rejoicing in the house of Amri. The neighbors came in to welcome him back, to examine his face and hands and exclaim over the miracle. Opinion was divided, as to whether it was really a miracle from God or the marvelous trick of an exceedingly clever magician.

When they had all gone, Amri stood at the door with the cool night wind sweet on his face, his heart full of the future. Suddenly he thought of the patriarchs of his race and the prophets, men who had foretold that some day a Healer would come, a Savior. Something stirred in him, as words from those ancient men came back to him from his school days—and into his heart crept a vague wonder, a fear, almost, of the Man who had healed him. He remembered the kind eyes, the compassionate hands that were not afraid to touch the leper, the deep voice that told him so confidently, so certain of the truth he spoke, to go to the priest and tell him he was whole. Master, the men with him had called him, but his real name, so Jethro said, was Jesus, and he came from Nazareth, a poor little place in Galilee. But in his heart Amri felt that this man must bear another name and that his real home was a greater town than Nazareth.

"When I journey to Jerusalem," he thought, "then I shall seek him first of all and thank him for all this," and he flung out his hands that were now free from the ugly scabs and lifted his clean young face to the wind.

A week later he stood outside the Temple, ready for the final ceremonies. In his arms were the two lambs and the oil he was to offer for the atonement. Between the Court of the Women and the Court of Israel, at the Nicanor Gate he stood and looked longingly beyond into the Temple where he dared not yet enter. In his robes of gold and purple the priest stood before him. When the first lamb was slain he took of its blood and with it touched the right ear and right thumb of Amri. Into his left hand he poured the oil and dipping into it his right forefinger sprinkled the oil seven times in the direction of the Tabernacle, and then touched with it the thumb and ear of Amri. The second lamb was slain and offered as a burnt offering to God.

And now Amri stood again a man among men. His heart swelled as if it would burst with happiness and he yearned to share it with Deborah. But he had one happy duty to perform first: to find and thank the man who had healed him. By this time surely he had reached the city and Amri knew his name and the town from which he came. Many people must have heard of so famous a healer.

Two people he spoke to knew nothing of him. "A great healer? Jesus? There are so many of these mendicant miracle men that it will be hard to find any one of them."

But the third nodded. "I saw this Jesus last week. He was preaching in the Temple and the priests did not like it, but he had the crowd with him. And I heard him saying that the Temple would soon be destroyed. Imagine that—our Temple! Up to that time I thought he spoke sensibly—but our Temple gone—that was really funny. 'Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles,' he said. Well, it looks not much like it to-day, does it?"

Amri looked at the tall towers, the beautiful stonework and the spa-

cious courts, and shook his head. "No," he said, and yet he was vaguely troubled. What if all the words this man spoke were true—his warnings as well as his healings?

He spent the night at an inn and in the morning went out into the white sunshine. The feast of the pasch was near and the town was crowded. He wandered about and before he knew it the day was spent and his quest still unfulfilled. Hastening to his inn a man going in the opposite direction hurled himself at him.

"Well," complained Amri, staggering back, "who are you that attacks an honest man like this?" and he made ready to defend himself. But he heard a sob in the dark and by the light of a lantern saw the features of a man contorted with anguish. He caught his arm. "Are you hurt?"

"No, I am not hurt, but I have hurt my dearest friend. He told me I would do it, but I swore I never would. And now I have betrayed him. I said I did not know who he was when they asked if I was of his company when they took him prisoner. And now I can never explain to him. They will kill him and I shall never see him again."

"Who is this man you have betrayed?" asked Amri. "Perhaps all is not lost. What is his name?"

"We called him Master, but Jesus was the name people knew him by."

Something cold clutched Amri's heart. "Not he—not the healer?" and Peter, stumbling along beside him, said, "Yes."

"Look at me then," cried Amri, "I am one of the lepers he healed. I came here to be purified and to thank him. I hoped to find him here."

"You have found him," said Peter sadly, "only to lose him again." We have all lost him—those who didn't forget him and we who did." He turned wildly to Amri. "They hurt him—I saw them striking him and mocking him. And he is so kind, so gentle—"

Amri straightened. "I owe him my life. Perhaps it is not too late to repay him somewhat. Let us find him."

So they went on together, one comforting the other, and in the heart of both were sorrow and fear. It was dawn before they found him, with a screaming mob yelling for his blood. Through the crowd Amri had a glimpse of the tall white figure and turned to make sure that Peter saw him too, but the press of people had carried him away. The Master stood patiently waiting before a Roman judge, who seemed weighing a decision. Amri heard an angry mutter around him, and it grew to a shout that swept the court. "Crucify him," they roared. "Give us Barrabas. Crucify him."

Amri was aghast. "Why do they want to crucify him?" he asked the man next him.

"Don't you know he is planning to kill us all—to use his magic to pull down the Temple on us?" he answered impatiently.

"You must be wrong. I know of him."

The man snarled at him. "So you think he is good, eh?"

Amri opened his hands. "Yes—look. A month ago I was a leper. He healed me. He made me well. I had great sores on my face and hands—look at them now," and he thrust forward his hands in a desperate effort to make the mob understand. But only a few heard him in the clamor and they scarcely paused to notice. The blood lust

had too strong a hold on them to allow them to listen to a tale about a healing. The man who had spoken to him first laughed and tapped his forehead. "Pity he didn't cure your head too," and he turned away.

Amri looked around helplessly. Was there nothing he could do? No way to halt this terrible thing? He ran from the court, feeling he must find help somewhere. He heard yelling ahead of him and the crowd pushed forward. Fighting his way along he came to a place where for a moment he could see. Roman soldiers ahead and Roman soldiers behind a tall form, one shoulder bent with the weight of a great cross. He knew that face well. It had looked in his eyes for a long moment, his doubting, diseased eyes. The mouth that had said, "Go show yourself to the priest" was twisted in pain. The white cloak was spattered with blood that crept down his cheeks from wounds on his head. Amri saw him stop for a moment and say a few words to a group of weeping women—and then he saw him fall. He looked at the faces around him. Nothing was there but hate and venom, only mockery and laughter in their shouts.

"When they get you up there," yelled a rough voice beside him, "come down and save yourself. That would be a miracle, eh?" and he turned to share his witticism with Amri wedged beside him.

"Oh, sir, he is a good man. Look, he healed me. He is good. Help me to save him, sir."

The other gave a shout of surprise. "Here is one of his followers," he called. "Let us show him what we do with men who go around breaking temples and saying they are kings," and he gave Amri a blow on the head that would have felled him had not some one caught him. He had a glimpse of the tall white form going on again with the cross. He felt some one carrying him, dragging him along—and then his senses went from him.

He woke in a smoky hut with the dawn pale outside the door. Everything was quiet. He lifted his head and felt a great bump on his forehead and wondered why he was there. Then everything swept back to his mind again as he struggled to his feet. His last thought at losing consciousness was his first waking thought—he must save the Master. Outside the door he looked about him and saw he was on the outskirts of Jerusalem. Behind him a voice spoke. He wheeled about to face a bearded man in sheepskins.

"Did they kill him?" he asked.

The shepherd nodded. "Yes. And they have buried him. You would have died, too, beneath the feet of the mob if I had not brought you here. Two whole nights you have been lying here moaning of saving him. And he was dead long before your moaning stopped."

Something in the man's tone caught Amri. "You did not wish him slain?"

The shepherd shook his head. "No. . . . I followed his star when he was a baby. The night he was born I was out on the hills with my flock and I heard a great singing and saw a star too large for belief. I followed with the rest until we reached a cave at Bethlehem. There was a baby there just born, the Messiah of our race, some said. That I could not and cannot believe—the Messiah will come in glory and splendor, not as a baby in poor swaddling clothes. But there was something about that night I never forgot. And the other

day when I came here for the pasch I saw this man carrying a cross. I watched while he stopped and spoke to a woman—his mother, one in the crowd said. And I had seen that woman before. It was the one who held the baby in the cave at Bethlehem. I gave her a bit of sheepskin to put over the baby to keep him warm and she thanked me. I remember her eyes. No, I cannot believe he is the Messiah, but I think he must have been a great prophet. When I heard you defending him I carried you away from the crowd before they trampled you under foot."

Amri held out his hands. "He healed me of leprosy. I came to thank him—and I can never do it now."

The shepherd examined his hands with interest. "I heard of his miracle working. He was in truth a great man. Come, boy, you shall have a bit of wine and bread before you go homeward."

"Where have they buried him?" asked Amri.

"A wealthy merchant who espoused his cause asked for the body and has placed it in his tomb," said the shepherd. "There it will stay for he has the promise of Pilate."

"Tell me where the tomb is that I may go there and thank him. It is too late but he will understand," and thanking the shepherd he went on his way.

In the clear still morning Jerusalem lay gray and pearly under the dawn as Amri walked toward the new tomb cut in the hill. He went close to it to tell the still form of the Master how he had meant to come in time. Almost abreast the tomb he ran into a woman hurrying away from it. "Is this the tomb of Jesus?" he asked.

She stared at him from tear stained eyes. "It is," she said, breathlessly, "he was buried here but he is gone. They have stolen him away, and I must tell his friends," and she ran on.

Amri stood before the tomb. The great stone which bore the seal of the governor and which no single man, and scarce a crowd could move when it was once in place, had been pushed to one side. Such hatred, he thought sadly, to pursue him even to the grave. He looked into the empty space. True, the body was gone, but, strangely, the little heap of white he saw in the dim interior was the dead man's grave cloths, and even stranger, they were neatly folded, the linen cloths in one place, the head napkin in another. Queer, that men who came to steal a corpse should be so careful about the disposal of the grave cloths. Even as he wondered the woman came back again with two men at her heels. There was disbelief in their eyes.

"See," she cried, "they have stolen even his poor body from us. Oh, couldn't they leave h i m in peace now?"

"Hush, Mary, some one will hear you. We must go quietly about this. We will tell the others and t a k e counsel then," and t h e y hurried back.

But Mary stayed there weeping as if her heart were broken.

Suddenly Amri was aware of a man standing near her. He h a d come up so quietly that Amri had not noticed his approach. The gardener, probably, who cared for the tombs come to see if this new one was properly arranged. He watched her for a moment, and Amri was troubled for there was something familiar about him. A light seemed to shine through him, a light deeper

than the dawn. Amri felt his heart lift as if a wind from afar were blowing through it.

The man moved forward a little. He looked as if he felt sorry for her grief. "Woman," he said in a voice that went through Amri like the great bell of the Temple, "why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

The woman shook back her long hair and looked at her questioner sadly. "Sir," she said to him, "if thou hast taken him away tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away."

The stranger lifted his face and the whole morning seemed to break into day. He said very quietly, "Mary." And as quietly as if it did not surprise her at all, he heard her say, "Master."

And then Amri knew that he too had known who the Stranger was.

His heart sang within him and he wanted to run forward and throw himself at the Master's feet, but the golden voice was saying, "Do not touch me for I am but newly risen. But go to my brethren and say to them that I ascend to my Father and your Father and to my God and your God."

And Mary, without a backward glance hastened down the hill with her message. Then Amri came forward and stood with bent head before the Master. He knew the Master knew he was there, but he waited until the deep eyes turned to him and a hand with blood still dried on it was stretched towards him.

"I am one of the lepers you healed on the Samarian way," he stammered, "and I meant to thank you but I forgot—and I came back too late. And I sought for you in Jerualem and found you—too late."

"It is never too late to find me or thank me," said the gentle voice, "My son, I thank thee for thy defense of me, for being willing to show the people what had been done for thee—that was thanking me indeed. I felt that faith, my son, on that day, and it helped me."

"Can I help you now, Master?—anything—oh, anything I can do I will."

The Master shook his head. "Such service I need not now. But do this for me—keep my commandments and love me all through thy life."

And Amri went down the road toward home, knowing that the tall figure that stood so quietly beside the empty tomb would stand beside him always. Light of heart he hurried home to tell Deborah and all the world.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THE man of action has the present but the thinker controls the future.

—Assoc. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The comic strips have arrived at absolute democracy. All alike are of a sadistic ugliness and vulgarity. The English language converted into the slang of the gutter is reduced to the abysmal level of the illustrations. It may be argued that the printing press also makes available sound literature on science, sociology, economics and so on. So it does. But this reaches a very limited class, a comparatively small minority. The enormous majority who have the votes do not read about sociology, science or economics. Their whole outlook on life and art is formed by the tabloids, the comic strips and the movies.

—John H. Fay, *The Revolt Against Beauty.*

When the Capitalist, having gone to war, has secured his victory, how can he use that victory for the purpose of disposing of his surplus? Britain had victory in 1918 over its most redoubtable commercial rival. Are British Capitalists more able to dispose of their surplus than they were before the war? They are less able. Capitalism, even in the victorious countries, is in a much worse position after war than it was before, profoundly shaken, faced by social revolution, the breakdown of money, banking, finance, many Capitalists utterly ruined. Another war would about finish off the whole system. If in the face of this, Capitalism as a system is using its influence towards war, it must be from motives of suicide.

—Norman Angell, *Peace and the Plain Man.*

The monk's ideal and that of the puritan are wholly different, not only because the monk does not think it right that all men should follow his example, while the puritan does, but because the monk regards his asceticism as a mere negative means, the puritan as a positive programme. The monk loves what the puritan hates.

—Gerald Vann, O.P., *On Being Human.*

The Stoic bears, the Epicurean seeks to enjoy, the Buddhist and the Hindoo stand apart, disillusioned, the Moslem submits, but only the Christian exults!

Stanley Jones, *Christ and Human Suffering.*

What is the matter with the Church to-day? . . . One of its shortcomings, which belongs especially to the present times and which seems to have been overlooked to some extent, is, I think, its extreme wastefulness—a waste not of material goods, but of goodness itself. The spirit of devotion is constantly evoked and poured forth without even twelve basketfuls being gathered up for future service. Continual stimulation is pleasant, no doubt, but leaves one spiritually as flabby as an overstretched rubber band. Unfortunately human psychology is better understood in time of war. All the fervor of patriotism

called forth then is not wasted, but translated into marching men, poison gas, horrible wounds and deaths, and devasted countries. Here in the Church, seasons of revival like Lent become ends in themselves instead of beginnings. The first Lent was not so; it was the beginning of the greatest years ever lived on earth.

—Margaret Prescott Montague, in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The Anglo-Saxon feels a glow of conscious superiority to the Spaniard and the Latin-American as he moralizes upon the latter's addiction to the sanguinary sport of bull-fighting. Yet in our most highly cultivated communties the state maintains the barbarous practice of trying men for their lives under conditions that have more in common with a Roman holiday than with a sober effort to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. And the public jams the court-room—manifestly obstructing and sometimes diverting the course of justice—the hoi-polloi to gasp and thrill at the spectacle, and the élite to find material for dinner-table conversation.

—*Christian Century*, February 6th.

The whole history of the Christian Church is evidence of her struggles against these greatest temptations of thinking man—the temptation to the belief that the material life is all or to the belief that it is nothing. She emerges from the struggle the arbiter of East and West because she refuses the denials of either.

—Eric Gill, *Beauty Looks After Herself.*

As conditions exist, the worthwhile criminal of today knows exactly where to find aid in any city of size in America. He knows what merchant to patronize, what tailor makes clothes with concealed pistol pockets, which hotels and resorts are right, what cities have politically dominated police. He knows the names of night clubs, restaurants, resorts, pool and gambling places where his pals can be found. He has the telephone numbers and names of doctors who will attend his wounds if he is injured in the commission of a crime and will keep the fact a secret. He knows lawyers who will not only defend him, but who often will go to the extent of planning a crime beforehand, showing him the pitfalls to be avoided and the precautions to be taken to establish an alibi.

—Courtney Riley Cooper, *Ten Thousand Public Enemies.*

After many years in the Christian ministry I offer this generalization: whenever you find anybody clamoring for a type of Christianity which is merely sweet and consoling, you are dealing with somebody in process of moral deterioration.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick, *The Hope of the World.*

. . . A second peculiarity of value, more especially of those values we call spiritual, is that their discovery requires a certain moral discipline; it has moral conditions. This is the hardest thing for a university student to believe. But all the great spiritual teachers agree on this and through all the ages . . . that some discipline and something akin to asceticism are an inescapable price for the highest reaches of value; and that no strategy of value-addition can evade it.

—William E. Hocking, *The Obligation of Universities to the Social Order.*

It seems incredible that two great powers like Britain and America, both vitally concerned with the

restoration of confidence and hope in the world, should be unable to meet and to arrange a rate of exchange between their currencies. Is there any advantage that either can hope to gain over the other which can be compared with the profit to both if the currency war were brought to an end? Have not both nations learned that the advantages are temporary? That if one tries to overreach the other there is certain to be a response? What is the use of making elaborate pacts to preserve the peace of Europe, if at the same time there is a currency war, deflation, and all the terrible consequences of deflation upon the mentality of the peoples of the world? Can Sir John Simon hope to pacify Europe politically if the European economy is forced to contract further under the pressure of another great monetary depreciation?

—Walter Lippmann.

Let us have no more defences of hunting which pretend that the runnable stag is having the time of his life when run. Let us have no more drivelling praise of hot numbers by orgiastic coons on the ground that they are a lovely essay in primitive humanity. Let Caliban proclaim himself and stand up for his appetites. It is when he adds to his pleasure of the arena the sniffling cant of the highbrow that he becomes totally insufferable.

—Ivor Brown, *I Commit to the Flames.*

I am not a pacifist if by "pacifism" is meant "Peace at any price," even at the price of selling justice for a mess of potage. But I nevertheless hope that by reason, the nations of the world may be brought to understand that war, as a means of attaining their ends, is not only immoral, but grossly stupid and should be forced by the collective action of those who are sufficiently reasonable, sufficiently civilised, sufficiently moral, to perish from the earth.

—Lord Howard of Penrith, *Ethics of Peace and War.*

One important characteristic of romanticists is their love of using symbols and using them uncritically. They are enraptured by flags, insignia, uniforms, names of famous warriors, historical allusions to political and military prowess, salutes, ceremonial, pomp, display and the like. In part, this tendency is essential to civilization, for symbols are great stimulators and carriers of energy, and such things are a necessary part of any mass sentiment. The energy of romanticists is excellent, but they make trouble often by using symbols which have become ambiguous or distorted from their original meaning or wholly false to modern realities. When an ambiguous or false symbol is used, then the energy which it arouses is moved in the wrong direction and makes trouble. Symbols are excellent pieces of emotional and intellectual machinery, but they need periodic analysis and remodelling. A change of symbols involves a reconditioning of reflexes.

—Richard B. Gregg, *The Power of Non-Violence.*

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, in its hollow, tinsel bohemianism and egocentric deformations, may very well become one day the symbol of the decadence that hovers over contemporary literature.

—Eugene Jolas, *Testimony Against Gertrude Stein.*

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844-1890

By W. F. P. Stockley

PART II.

FROM the first, in his days of exile, O'Reilly of so many gifts and powers was singled out and made to look after other transported men. He was named librarian. And then, as leader of a band of convicts cutting roads through the "bush," the poet-convict came before a great tree in the way. Down it should come; for the government road must go straight. But O'Reilly shrank from marking the tree to its doom. He went back to the officer in charge. "Cut it down" he got for answer. O'Reilly went back; and again returned, hesitated, was sworn at. But a third time he saw the tree; once more he pleaded; and the official was subdued by the poet. "And that is the only crooked government road in Australia," I heard him say, "for we went round that tree." As he spoke of it to me, twenty years after, he seemed to adore the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the wood.

Many of late have read again (on the death, in 1930, of O'Reilly's rescuer and friend, the American captain, Hathaway), of how the young victim escaped from penal servitude, and braved recapture by an island governor who is said to have been not displeased that his legal prey escaped him. On the voyage, another Englishman, too, finding out the fugitive's story, befriended him in every way; as did the English family that sheltered him, when hiding in Liverpool, for some of those dangerous days on his way west.

I remember asking the freed man if he matched together his present life and his past. "I see that boy sitting in his cell at Milbank"—and what cells!—"and scratching his name; but I cannot feel that I am he."

He wrote on the prison walls, in that solitary confinement, three poems, "The Irish Flag"; "For Life," on MacCarthy's life sentence; and "The Irish Soldiers," to which he put a footnote: "Written on the wall of my cell with a nail, July 17, 1866. Once an English soldier; now an Irish felon; and proud of the exchange."

There it was that he suffered one great blow, of which (I think), he very rarely spoke. His friend and biographer, and poetic successor on the *Pilot*, thus tells the tale, of how an overseer (who on seeing O'Reilly, had said: "Young man, you know what you are here for; and damn you, I'll help you to know it"), a hard man, hating this Irish youth, watched him, to punish; and when O'Reilly was a few minutes late, came down with the punishment—not to be given any letters for six months. A black-edged letter soon came for young O'Reilly, who knew his mother was ill, and who feared

—what, in fact, the letter was—the announcement of his mother's death. The overseer said: "O'Reilly, here is a letter for you." "Thank you," said his prisoner, holding out his hand. "You'll get it in six months," said the overseer, tossing the letter into a drawer.

No comparison between the two countries, that time, anyway. For the generous O'Reilly came to forget his poor torturer's very name. And so, in America he met one, then an abject outcast, who had informed against him, and had borne false witness. O'Reilly did not reject him. He gave him help; though the man was a very Harvey Duff of the *Shaughraun*.

But there were others of his own friends who served out the long prison fate that broke their young health, and after years sent them away, wrecks in the world. And to one of these, the once hearty, happy-go-lucky boy, Chambers, when, after twelve years, he too was free, O'Reilly wrote, advising—in never out of date words in Ireland—"I beg of you to avoid the kindly-meant demonstrations in your honour, either at home or here: it is frothy excitement, there is nothing of it left after a few weeks. I have seen so many men lionized that I have learned to fear the effect on them, and to regret it on behalf of those who make the noise"; but he added: "Should you decide to come to America, come straight to me, and I will put a stouter chain on you than ever you saw in Dartmoor."

In 1878 it was the lot of some of us young Trinity College men to go to the Dublin Theater Royal, that night of January 5th, to see the released Fenian prisoners. Dublin, of course, surged with waves of passionate or earnest men. I wonder could we have been either earnest or passionate in truth; but at least I have never forgotten seeing, standing in a theater box, and answering the wild enthusiasm, by his quiet form and ashen face, the dying MacCarthy. I think, the next day he died. He is forgotten. Yet in Pearse's words of the next generation, Ireland is held from ever forgetting herself, by the graves of her Fenian dead.

O'Reilly wrote, on those fellow-Fenians, (MacCarthy, Chambers, and O'Brien), the verses:

"Released—January, 1878"

. . . . . .

"Haggard and broken and seared with pain;
They seek the remembered friends and places;
Men shuddering turn, and gaze again
At the deep-drawn lines on their altered faces."

. . . . . .

[England] offers a bribe—ah, God above!
Behold the price of the desecration:
The hearts she has tortured for Irish love
She brings as a bribe to the Irish nation."

The sort of English prison life these Fenian men endured, for their striving to make Ireland also a free country, is told in all its brutality by Michael Davitt, who had suffered for years the "system of half starvation." Davitt, some six feet high, aged thirty-one, weighed nine stone (126 lbs.) when he came out. "The work was hard enough at best." And, adds Roche's *Life* of O'Reilly (p. 62), it was wantonly made more repulsive by the inhumanity of the

jailors, acting under authority. The stench of the bone-shed, where, as summer work, the refuse of putrefying bones was pounded to dust (on a level, as it was, with the noisome cesspool), and then the foul air of the cells, seven feet by four, undermined the health of the wretched, ill-fed prisoners, who in winter worked on the wet moors, half frozen in the damp swamp drains.

Perhaps it is possible that in other countries than Ireland history repeats itself so exactly. Young Lionel Johnson in Oxford—who said, "I never think of myself as anything but Irish"—in his poem, *Ireland*, sees the

"Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!
There the great legion of thy martyr roll,
Filled with the fames of seven hundred years,
Hunger to hear the voice,
Sweeter than marriage music in their ears,
That shall bid thee and all thy sons rejoice.
There bide the spirits who for thee yet burn:
Ah! might we but return,
And make once more for thee the martyr choice!"

And it may be, indeed, that the waters and the grass will ever see young men ready to die for Ireland. We have seen what we have seen.

As a Catholic, one may fairly deem O'Reilly an extreme Irish type. He seemed a most unmystical, untheological man; who never missed Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. Writing these words, I forgot I was no Catholic when I knew him. My worm-eaten Protestant Ritualism may have been to him a thing absolutely unknown. I judge it were to him inconceivable. And, in the words of his new country, he had no use for controversy. He would have greeted as a man and a brother the Butler of *Hudibras*, on the plaguy lot of religious reformers,

"As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended."

And he writes his poem "Mary," beginning,

"Dear honored name, beloved for human ties"

—his mother and his wife both had the name—

"But loved and honored first that One was given
In living proof to erring mortal eyes
That our poor earth is near akin to heaven";

then reproaching the soured unfortunates of deluded controversy:

"And yet to some the name of Mary bears
No special meaning and no gracious power;
In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,
As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower."

If O'Reilly was, often enough, a material heretic—I am not saying what others have said—a formal heretic he surely was not. And Catholicism was for him reverence, wonder, pity, and passion for the hapless poor.

But if he would, so to speak, have doffed, nay, thrown up his hat, to the Popes Leo XIII. and Pius XI., on the

Working Classes, he would have been a dull enough pupil, I judge, of those Popes on the true Unity of Christendom. An *Atlantic Monthly* writer quotes an O'Reilly letter: "And your letter makes me smile. Puritan you, with your condemnation of the great old art-loving, human, music-breathing, color-raising, spiritual, mystical, symbolical Catholic Church! . . . A great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical sunlike, benevolent motherhood. J., I am a Catholic, just as I am a dweller on the planet, and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds." All which may be of the genius of Christianity; and yet hardly a credo. However, he goes on: "Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other Church; they are all just way stations. Your M's and S's and C's and B's are playing at belief, and polishing the outward brasswork of faith. Child, child, there are scales on your eyes and a crust on your sympathetic springs—the scales and crusts of inheritance."

The Irish—I often thought it, specially, in America—if they are in other things an intolerant people, are not intolerant in religion. And were there ever people so much attached to Catholicism—indeed in bitter proving—who yet so instinctively shrank from judging the individual heretic? Just puzzled, the Irish, and their O'Reilly with them, may be, if they know a non-Catholic to be sympathetic with Catholic life, or an admirer of its worship. But why wouldn't he be a Catholic? Wouldn't it be a great happiness to him? Such seem to be their instinctive thoughts. Anyway, they are Gospel Christians, in "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." The censoriousness of Puritanism would seem impossible to any soul really Irish, born or bred.

Dr. Conaty, one time Rector of the Catholic University, declared of Boyle O'Reilly: "He was a simple, loyal, earnest child of the Church . . . He was my friend, and I knew him intimately. I shared his confidence, and knew his life."

At the unveiling of the Memorial tablet (1897) in the Catholic University at Washington, words were spoken of "a man who, though born in humble circumstances" (but his father and mother seem both to have been school-teachers) "and handicapped early in life by severe trials, rose supreme over all obstacles; who though without the advantages of an educational training in a university, educated himself and gave much to learning and literature. His character we all admire, his worth we all recognize; and his memory will always remain in affection to everyone who loves the beauty and the gentleness of a life that did so much for his fellow-men."

There was a democracy still in high esteem in the humanitarian O'Reilly. Whatever were his friendships among the classes whose culture cuts them off from the masses, he passionately willed to see how "the people's blood is red." In the Boston Massacre of 1770—whence Webster dated "the severance of the British Empire"—there died Crispus Attucks, this

"Negro slave with unfamiliar name—
With his poor companions, nameless too, till their lives leaped forth in flame.

. . . God chose these men to die
As teachers and types, that to humble lives may chief award be made;
That from lowly ones, and rejected stones, the temple's base is laid!

. . . . . .

O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century, creed and race,
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies.
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine."

But

"Wherever the race, the law, the land,—whatever the time, or throne,
The Tory is always a traitor to every class but his own.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped;
Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of the common heart.

. . . . . .

Call it riot or revolution, or mob or crowd, as you may,
Such deaths have been seed of nations,—such lines shall be honored for aye."

The Pilgrim Fathers, too,

"They saw their England covered with a weed
Of flaunting lordship both in court and creed;
The rich, conspirators against the poor.

. . . . . .

Here, on this rock,
Common men began to own the world!"

And O'Reilly was truly, in a marvelous relationship—popularly, and then officially—with New England Puritantism. It were hard to load one's words heavily enough to express the might of the character, and shall one say the genius, of an Irish Fenian exile, who in New England's Boston should be the invited poet to celebrate the dedicating of the National Monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. To cite him further:

"They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.
Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;
Through pains and prisons harried from the land;
Through double exile,—till at last they stand
Apart from all,—unique, unworldly, true,
Selected grain to sow the earth anew;
A winnowed part—a saving remnant they;
Dreamers who work—adventurers who pray!"

Surely not unique, on the continents of Las Casas, Marquette, and Jogues. However, that by the way. O'Reilly felt right, when he did not think out.

It was interesting to hear Charles Eliot Norton say, that he looked on the coming of the Catholic Irish to Boston as the great modern blessing to New England. Nothing else, he felt, could have broken the hard and deadening Puritan crust of narrow life and outlook. That, he graciously said to me, as a young Irish visitor in his Harvard home; one of those old, shady New England villa properties, whose disappearance more than their old family owners must deplore. Norton was of the oldest

fashion of cultured man; he was quiet—boring, William James said, who took us there—he was almost colonial English; and 'tis said that at the mention of the name of Chicago he would, or might, faint. But he was no mere dilettant. He had humane care, each Christmas, for students who could not go from Harvard to far distant homes. And, as I say, if he was English of the English, he could still suffer the infusing of Irish blood into his own.

Half a century since, the New England ignorance of Catholicism was dense enough; and its ignorant prejudice against what was Irish was rooted deep. Not in England itself were these failings more innate. And maybe one might still speak in the present tense of these things. Therefore, indeed, the acceptance of the gifted O'Reilly was a phenomenon in Bostonian literary life. Perhaps, to repeat, his success there misled him somewhat.

Be that as it may, Colonel Higginson, at Boston's official mourning and memorial meeting on O'Reilly's death, thus spoke at large: "So momentous for Boston, so momentous for America, so momentous for the world that it might well make a man willing to die before he is fifty, if he could contribute but a little towards accomplishing it—the reconciliation in this community between the Roman Catholic Irishman and the Protestant American. That was the mission that Boyle O'Reilly seemed just as distinctly sent among us to do, as if he had been born with that mission stamped upon his forehead, and as if a hundred vicars-general had anointed and ordained him for the work." (A "vicar-general" may seem here a roomy American vehicle for conveying many forms of magic.)

Indeed, O'Reilly, if he would cry justice first, was naturally a peacemaker and forgiving. He once asked the English to allow him to pass into Canada, as an honored guest there. Neither there nor anywhere in British dominions shall he be allowed to appear, was the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt's, reply. O'Reilly is believed to have said he would not ask a second time. And he threw out a regret for me: "I am sorry you a r e going to Canada" in 1886—"away from men and books." He seemed to me to have little desire to go to an un-free Ireland. Even in the latter half of the nineteenth century he could feel with Moore's Phelim Connor of the first half:

"'Return!' no never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land . . .
On all I love—home, parents, friends,—I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No! let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues,
Who yearly kneel before their Master's doors,
And hawk their wrongs as beggars do their sores."

There was, in the O'Reilly of America, the wherewith, not to forget Ireland, not to despise her, yet to think of her as a little land he had outgrown. The bigness of America inflated him, so to speak. He loved it, admired it, idealized it. "Go west, young man!" "I should go myself to the western states, were I beginning again," he exuberantly said to me, after his journeying there; adding—as I must add—"I should not

advise *you* to go there; you would not have sense enough to keep your head in out of the rain." That he did say. Why did he say it? A question, heart-searching—for me.

No, the American citizen, O'Reilly, had nothing in him of the pining exile. Pining would not anywhere be for such as he. Still, Ireland was "My Native Land," loved, if not all honored; a land greatly to be pitied as, in two tones, one may say that phrase.

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
. . . . . .
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles."

Not for him was it to return there. He could not; and the O'Reilly that I knew would not; if I do not misjudge. Often O'Reilly seemed to me to be longing for the simpler, quieter life he could not—in either sense—live.

The "Wonderful Country" appeared in *Scribner's*, September 1887:

"There once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

"But the schools must come, with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells:
They scoffed at the dreams with rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where a poet might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

"For fancies they gave us their microscopics;
For knowledge a rubble of fact and doubt.
. . . . . .
Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away."

Says Moseley, his canoeing friend: "I was never with Boyle O'Reilly that I did not feel b e t t e r. Day

by day I saw more and more evidences of his love for humanity. To me his poem above all others is "The City Streets." Who can better depict the dangers of our civilization? How it shows the nature of the noble man who wrote it."

"A City of Palaces! Yes, that's true:
a city of palaces built for trade."

Then,

"The men of the city who travel and write, whose fame and credit are known abroad,
The people who move in the ranks polite, the cultured women whom all applaud.
It is true, there are only ten thousand here, but the other half million are vulgar clod."

But,

"The workman is proud of his home's dear name as the richest man on the city streets.

"God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are reckless, and need it most:
When we trace the causes why lives are curst with the criminal taint, let no man boast:
The race is not run with an equal chance; the poor man's son carries double weight.
. . . . . .
The strong and the selfish are sure to rise, while the simple and generous die obscure.
And these are the virtues and social gifts by which Progress and Property rank over Man!"

Wherefore, say Popes Leo and Pius, the first charge on industrial profits is the living wage for the workers. Under such Christian society, there should be no city streets lined by palaces of pleasure, and paced to and fro by outcasts, more sinned against, maybe, than sinning:

"Look there, O woe! where a lost soul drifts on the stream . . .
Stand close—let her pass! from a tenement room and a reeking workshop graduate!
If a man were to break the iron loom or the press she tended, he knows his fate;
But her life may be broken, she stands alone; . . . her guideless feet,
Not long since kissed as a father's own, are dragged in the mire of the pitiless street.
. . . . . .
Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves in the lowly soil."

An up-to-date, and, mayhap, inwardly complacent Englishman, the generous-spoken H. W. Nevinson, English officer in war, scholar, and upper class critic in peace, reflects, as to "Contrasts in Life" how we may imagine the working people retorting, that "we form at least ninety per cent of the nation" where the "division of happiness seems to us unequal and we think it can't be altogether right. We are beginning to doubt whether you ladies and gentlemen are worth preserving!"

"I suppose that doubt is not often expressed," adds our gentlemanly critic, "but it lies at the door of all modern political and social speculation. Are ladies and gentlemen worth preserving? We have tried to realize how attractive many of them are, how healthy and athletic, how adventurous and polite; how fond of

animals, and what good shots. Some, too, are so kindly, so sensitive, so cultured, and even artistic. They must be worth a good deal; but their price is high."

A change is coming. May the cure be not worse than the disease!

"These times strike monied worldlings with dismay;
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound healthy children of the God in heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.[1]

[1]Wordsworth's Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty.

That was in 1803. Does the century past show that the hopeful had a right to be cheerful? Is the world of 1935 full of hopeful cheeriness about democracy; including O'Reilly's incarnation of it in his America?

However, if you want to be made feel cheerfully hopeful, you cannot do better than turn to O'Reilly's brave spirit. "He seemed to scan the whole world to search out those who were down-trodded and oppressed. His was an earnest life."

The good man, my friend. He was one of the kindest friends I ever had. His counsel in cumber was out of his own brave heart. When my youth was in trouble, he wrote: "Anyway, dear Stockley, look the world and the trouble in the face, and believe me to be always yours, John Boyle O'Reilly."

He died that year, 1890. 'Tis full forty-five years since. Anyone who knew him might wish to be outlived by such a friend.

POOR TREMBLING DOVE

By Janet Reilly

AWAKE, my heart, poor trembling dove
With wounded wing,
From your dull lethargy, and see
The spring.
Her thrall, fair Beauty, will apply
An ointment to that cruel fear that you may fly
On green and purple air of day,
And through the silver night
In unretarded flight,
Away, and far away.
A bird you are, my heart, whose wings are ecstasy,
Whose quivering breast is love.

THE PASSAGE OF A POPE

By Cecilia Mary Young

THERE is a shady wall not far from the border line between France and Italy and in this wall a marble slab has been inserted bearing this inscription:

PIUS VII. PASSED THIS WAY

This block of cold stone is warm in historical import. Like a symbolic sundial of Europe it held the shadow of a Pope who passed this way, a shadow which was a forecast of ominous coming events. Six times this man's passage across the boundary line of these two countries cast actual shadows dramatically changing the map of the world, for each time these Maritime Alps, in whose shelter this old wall stands, were crossed by the gentle footfall of Pius VII., dynasties were overthrown.

Cæsar had come over these mountains on his great conquests. The new Cæsar had stood at a window a stone's throw from the high wall which guards the slab and looking beyond the mountains toward Imperial Rome had said with conqueror's lust, "Beyond the Alps, lies Italy."

That was eight years ago. Now Pius VII. was coming into France to give the religious climax to the coronation of the man who considered himself the second Cæsar of the world.

Napoleon had written the Holy Father his intention to become emperor of the French and in this message had declared that "the Catholic religion in order to be preserved in its entirety should be publicly practiced in France." He also promised . . . "I am resolved to live in harmony with the Holy See."

It had taken Pope Pius VII. five months to consider the advisability of crossing the border.

The Holy Father had been sorely grieved at the Concordat which Napoleon had drawn up, whereby he, the First Consul, had issued the decree that all the bishops living in exile since the French Revolution should relinquish their former episcopal sees to substitutes of the Consul's choosing.

In Napoleon's letters of late he had become most filial and each missive urged more earnestly the visit of Pius VII. which, he assured the Pope, would be "useful for the interests of the Catholic religion when the emperor of the French nation would be crowned by the hands of the Holy Father, Himself." Besides, he insisted, by meeting face to face they could the better discuss and adjust the difficulties which the Pope complained of in the Concordat.

So on November 3, 1804, leaving his Minister of State, Cardinal Consalvi, in charge of the various ecclesiastical affairs, Pope Pius VII. left Rome and undertook the journey which Leo III. had refused to make for Charlemagne.

The *Moniteur* had announced the coronation date for December 2d.

Traveling in the middle of winter through rain and snow in the only possible conveyance, the carriage

known as a *diligence*, was no easy pilgrimage for a very tired man, already old at sixty-two. The Pope rested at Florence, then started up through northern Italy toward the snow-capped Alps. He traveled continuously for twenty-two days, changing horses and postilions along the route. On November 25th, he arrived in the forest of Fontainebleau. The First Consul, although expecting the Pope's arrival, had nonchalantly gone ahunting, but when he received word of the Holy Father's approach, galloped through the woods to a large open crossroads. Napoleon dismounted as the carriage drove into view and awaited the Pontiff on foot. The Pope left the carriage and embraced his "son." Then the Pontiff with the future emperor at his left, drove to the palace of Fontainebleau.

Cries and cheers rent the air as the venerable Pontiff ascended the long marble staircase. And the echo of each step that that embroidered slipper trod, fell with ominous prophetic echo throughout Christendom.

The welcome accorded the Head of the Catholic Church by the Parisians was ardent and sincere; even the men who had given homage to the goddess of reason ten years before, now were the first to bend low before the representative of Christ on earth and to beg for his blessing.

Fouché, minister of police, asked the Pontiff, "How does your Holiness find Paris?" "Praise be to Heaven," answered the saintly old man, "we have traversed the whole way through France in the midst of people on their knees."

The great day arrived. Napoleon was late. The Holy Father sat patiently on his throne beside the high altar of Notre Dame for one hour and a half. The Emperor of the French could keep the Pope of Rome waiting for him!

And when the supreme moment came for the coronation, just as the Pope reached for the crown where it rested on the altar, the arrogant *parvenu* snatched it from the Pope's grasp and with his own hands crowned himself!

More than once during the Pontiff-guest's visit was he publicly humiliated by the imperial upstart, but Pius VII. had come with another objective beside the coronation and he remained until all this was accomplished. Among other religious manifestations, he had the consolation of receiving the retractions from many of the priests who had turned from the Holy See during the troublous times of the Revolution and who had until now resisted formal pronouncement of their errors. The bishops who were discriminated against in the Napoleon Concordat were allowed to return to their sees. During this time the Pope officially recognized the Daughters of Charity, established the Foreign Mission Society and sanctioned many other great works of religion in France, such as the reopening of the religious seminaries. These affairs kept Pope Pius VII. in France for one hundred and eighty-five days.

Changes were already taking place. During this time Italy's kingdom had become a republic. Two days before the Pontiff planned to depart, Napoleon had left Paris for Italy, but before leaving, the Emperor had given Pius VII. the route he must take. All the way to the border line the French people cried, *"Vive!"* with wild acclaim.

It was early in May, 1805, when Pope Pius VII. appeared once more in Rome amid the transports of wel-

come from the newly-made citizens of the Italian Republic. He leaned from his carriage and blessed the throngs eagerly awaiting his coming. Napoleon, hearing of this demonstration in Milan, where he was marking time until his coronation day (where he was to be crowned with the Iron crown of Lombardy within two days) — Napoleon, the new Cæsar, had not anticipated this Italian loyalty to the Holy Father.

Nor did Napoleon anticipate that when the Holy Father crossed into France, England and Russia, Austria and Sweden were watching the great conqueror's next move and would soon unite against him. Napoleon Bonaparte was sure that he had subjugated the Pope when Pius VII. had graciously condescended to cross the border into French territory, so now on the Pontiff's return to Rome, he sought formal annulment of his younger brother Jerome's marriage with a commoner of America—Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. The marriage had greatly displeased the emperor for he believed an alliance with a principality of powerful Germany more becoming a Bonaparte. But Pius VII. ruled that the marriage contracted before Bishop Carroll was valid.

The victory at Austerlitz gave Napoleon the excuse he wanted for quartering French troops in the papal territory of Ancona. These Papal States were acknowledged neutral ground and when the Pope demanded the removal of the troops he was flippantly answered by his erstwhile "dutiful son" that he, the Pope, might be sovereign of Rome, but that Napoleon was emperor of the West and that the Head of the Church of Rome had no temporal rights and therefore should be content merely to exercise his spiritual jurisdiction. Napoleon added in this message, that his brother Joseph was superseding the reigning Ferdinand VII., King of Naples, and of the Two Sicilies, and if the Pope did not acknowledge Joseph as King that he, Napoleon, would no longer submit to papal authority.

He was now a second Charlemagne, so he wrote his uncle Cardinal Fesch of Lyon, because he had united France to ancient Lombardy and his empire extended as far as the Orient.

One night in February, 1808, the French army swept down upon Rome, seizing all papal property and making the Holy Father in his palace on the Quirinal Hill a prisoner. The Papal States, including Ancona were seized and from Schönbrunn Napoleon issued the decree that these States were now absorbed by France and that Rome was no longer the city of the Pope, but the imperial city of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The temporal power of the sovereign of the Catholic Church was gone.

Then was affixed on the doors of all the churches of Rome the Bull of Excommunication of Napoleon Bonaparte. Copies soon were on the doors of the churches of France.

A group of French soldiers scaling the walls of the Quirinal garden hammered down the door of the papal private chambers, seized the august person of the Holy Father, and brought him by force to an awaiting carriage where he was hurried to the frontier. From Mondovi he made the passage into France, crossing the border not far from the old wall of Garavan where the memorial slab rests; thence he was brought to Valence, the town where

his predecessor Pius VI. had died a prisoner on French territory. Not allowed to rest long anywhere the Holy Father was shifted from place to place; now at Avignon, then to Aix and finally Nice, and everywhere were demonstrations of devotion and welcome and loyalty. The Corniche Road was spread with flowers for the passing of his carriage and at night the trees along this way were lighted with colored lanterns as he faced toward Rome once more. Near where the marble slab rests in the old wall is a fine old house and it was here that the Holy Father rested. Long red curtains hide the room where the tired Pontiff made an historic pause in his journey. He had received word that he was not to go to Rome but to Savona, and there from the 16th of June, 1809, until the 19th of June, 1812, the Holy Father languished in solitary confinement. Then as a prisoner of State he was brought back across the border, through France to Fontainebleau, where he had been hailed less than ten years before as a royal guest. Here the aged Pontiff was led through corridor after corridor to his apartments where he was locked in —a prisoner of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Five years passed slowly. Wellington had driven Joseph Bonaparte from his usurped throne of Spain. Holland, where Louis Bonaparte had been on the throne, revolted. Murat, who had married Bonaparte's sister, now had an army in Italy against his brother-in-law. . . . Denmark and Sweden had joined the coalition of Russia, Austria, Bavaria and Prussia, allied against Napoleon.

With former allies united against him, Bonaparte turned to his helpless prisoner. He wished to have the ban of excommunication revoked and he decided to stipulate conditions for the opening of the prison doors.

Wellington, Alexander of Russia, and the Germans were hastening along three different routes to Paris; the thunder of oncoming legions could be heard coming nearer and nearer. A messenger from the emperor drove out to Fontainebleau.

The next day under the watchful eye of Fouché, the Pope started back to Rome, avoiding the large cities where the minister of police feared the joyful manifestations of the populace.

It was one long triumphal passage from his former prison in France to the Holy Father's throne in Rome. As he crossed the Alps his shadow fell on the old wall near the Ligurian sea for the last time.

Napoleon left Paris two days after, in the midst of a snowstorm, to meet his crushing defeat at the hands of the Allies. Then he returned to the palace at Fontainebleau only to sign his abdication and to see the crown of the Cæsars fall ignominiously from his grasp. He had snatched it from the hand of a pontiff; he had deceived and mistreated this representative of the Church. Alone, in exile, he was to sue for his one consolation from that Church he had, in the plenitude of his pride, renounced.

By long and difficult stages the Pope had reached his restored city of Ancona. It was May.

From a balcony, Pius VII. blessed the sea below, then took part in another historical coronation, joyfully crowning the celebrated statue, Our Lady, Queen of All Saints.

On the twenty-fourth of May, feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians, his carriage rolled into Rome, the center of a scene of frenzied triumph.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

TWO GOOD FRIENDS AND A POOR ONE

FLUSH is no longer a puppy. A trouper whose basket has carried him thousands of miles; the hero of a biography; a dog who has never suffered an understudy, he now takes his final curtain on his hind legs.

Four years have passed since last we visited Wimpole Street and we wish that we could count upon it as an annual event. When Miss Cornell is seen on her sofa with Flush in Elizabeth Barrett's room, it is not a theater curtain that has risen but the shutter of Time that has been lifted; over the wrack of the years, the gallant romance of those two poets and lovers shines bright. There is a noble quality about the Barrett-Brownings that sustains their story through a happy ending —their passion had all the freshness of the pure of heart and the sophistication of the wise. It is a play which raises love to a position which the democrats of modern literature usually begrudge; a play about middle-aged people which can keep a child on the edge of her chair; a play for which all the country must thank Miss Cornell and the Browning of Brian Aherne—and Flush!

Rain brought us no refreshment. Both the story and the people seemed unreal. The characterization in this revival has been exaggerated to emphasize the plot with the result that both have suffered. Perhaps it is that since the Great War, the popular conception of Christianity and Christians has changed, for certainly nowadays the Reverend Mr. Davidson's ruthlessness seems not so much dramatic cruelty as caricature. The startling part of *Rain* in its heyday was that it was a drama of temptation written from the side of the temptress. Since then Lilith has become a favorite heroine. This weakens Mr. Maugham's prime sensation and loosens the whole structure of his tragedy, for an audience which is emotionally surprised is kept from thinking. The audacity of Sadie Thompson's creator in throwing her the sympathy, diverted attention from the crudity of the method. In the panoply of her profession with no parenthetic plea but her pluck and her predicament, the authors had to trust to their skill in making the Davidsons win their own indictment. Their asceticism is shown in the neurotic mirror of their relentless discipline upon themselves and their fellows, and the audience finds itself speaking through the mouth of the normally tolerant doctor who has all the qualities that the missionary lacks. In fact the clergyman is soon made to seem the subversive member of society and the harlot the truly natural one. Once this change of relationship has been established, the remainder is comparatively simple. Sadie is converted and becomes as wan and neurotic as the other two Christians. But when Reverend Davidson's flesh conquers his spirit, Sadie casts off the spell and is once more her old, lively natural self. Salome vindicated.

In the Sadie Thompson of Jeanne Eagels as we remember it, there was a childishness seen through the veneer of paint and cheap jewelry that jerked one's pity. Miss Bankhead is young too but she is tough. She is at her best in her moments of hysteria. She has followed the historic costume associated with the part but her hat and its ostrich plumes had more a note of picturesqueness than poor finery. There was one glaring discrepancy. Sadie is caught out in the rain in her feathers in Act I. and comes back with them bedraggled, and yet when she dons her war paint again at the close of Act III. the plumes are all freshly recurled—impossible without the proper equipment! Walter Gilbert's Sergeant O'Hara seemed the most sincere performance. *Rain* is not a great play. It was a sensation and the sensation is flat.

But *The Green Pastures* have grown greener with the passage of time. The whole company seem to have developed and strengthened their parts. Mr. Harrison[1] told us four years ago that every time he said his lines he found new meaning in them. He brings new meaning to his audiences. His serenity adds a benediction to each scene. In the old miracle plays there have been moments as beautiful as when the Lord helps old Moses up the hill, but there have been a good many centuries in between. M. Obey makes his Noah remark that he wished he could speak in German and the word that was so lacking in the French version of the Noah story was the word *"gemuthlich"*—"homey" is nearest to it. *The Green Pastures* is lifted by that comfortable faith in God Who remembers the sparrow's broken wing.

GOD: I liked de way you handled de ship too, Noah.

NOAH: Was you watchin', Lawd?

GOD: Co'se I was, Noah, ev'ry minute of the time.

THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLES.—Mr. George Bernard Shaw has given and asked for no quarter and yet there is something disarming about the satirist of three-quarters of a century turning toward sentiment. We predicted once that St. Joan might some day convert Mr. Shaw; *Too True to Be Good* only confirmed our belief and now we feel it is simply a question of time. Will Shaw's old finger have the strength to follow the dictation of his heart?

The Simpleton with all its camouflage of politics and flimsy talk; its lapses from good taste and extraneous nonsense seems to us nothing more or less than a tract for the religous education of children! Of course the Simpleton is the Established Church. It is symbolized in a mild little clergyman who, on being abducted by pirates for a Chaplain exhibits the predatory interests of the world, using the Church for a pledge of respectability. When the little clergyman lands on the Isles he finds that two British officials and their wives have there formed an eugenic union with an Eastern Priest and Priestess and are busy bringing up with communal pride four perfect specimens of East-West children. The non-celibate but sterile Church loves but utterly bores the younger generation and yet the little man can see more clearly than the Priestess, for when a moving speck is seen in the sky, only he can

[1]EDITOR'S NOTE: Since these reviews were written Richard B. Harrison died, on March 14th. His understudy and lifelong friend, Charles Winter Wood, succeeded to his rôle of "De Lawd."

recognize it as *not* an albatross but an angel. It is, in fact, the herald of the Day of Judgment which is really a day of Accounting.

The angels are busy making a celestial stock turn-over and marking all unprofitable human merchandise down to zero. More drastic than Dante, Shaw simply erases his enemies. The army, the navy, parliament, the hospitals, courts, universities are reported as nearly depopulated and the beautiful, spoiled children vanish among the first. Their names were Love, Pride, Heroism and Empire and they count for nothing. The one real dramatic moment in the play is when the Clergyman describes how Love disappeared in his arms. Just before they go, the children reproach the Priestess, Prola, whom they once worshiped, as having failed to teach them the one thing that was worth while. Surely that must mean the love of God. The British parents also vanish but the Clergyman knows his way back to his cottage, his garden, his village and his Church for those, says a sentimental Shaw, are the things that will always remain. Pra and Prola are left alone and in words that are less beautiful than Mr. Morgan's in *The Fountain*, Prola says that while Wonder is left to her she will always remain alive.

As Mr. Morgan expressed it:

"Ignorance is not what chiefly separates the mortal from God. What we have hitherto called Omniscience is an infinite power of Wonder. Knowledge is static—a stone in the stream but Wonder is the stream itself—God a mighty River, bearing the whole commerce of the divine mind. Even on earth as Knowledge increases, Wonder deepens."

This then must mean that though Mr. Shaw has let himself offend grievously as a dramatist, as a philosopher he is acquiring wisdom. The play is neither superlatively played nor staged—perhaps the text precludes it. Nazimova is a singsong Prola and only Lionel Pape as an extraneous Customs Clerk and Romney Brent as the Clergyman seem quite certain of their place in Shaw's new cosmogony.—*At the Theatre Guild.*

NOAH.—The story of the Ark has been retold in detail by M. Obey with Mr. and Mrs. Noah as the *compère* and *commère* of the French countryside. Pierre Fresnay who created Noah in Paris plays the same rôle in English and without a trace of accent. His dignity and charm dominate the performance; otherwise, although there are amusing flights of imagination and beguiling interludes with the animals there is an undertone of toil and trouble—a minor dissonance that seems to sound the centuries to come of drudgery and bowed backs; of homespun figures stooping to the soil. It is a mystery play written with the eyes fixed on a tired earth. They rarely look towards heaven.

"Noah walked with God," says Genesis, and in *The Green Pastures* we see that loving and visible relationship between Noah and his Lord. But M. Obey's Noah finds that heaven is often very far away. Divine inspiration is hard to follow and prayers seem to go unheard. "What shall I do, Lord, about the rudder? R-U-D-D-E-R—R — as in robin; U—as in——" It is God's unseen hand which drives the animals into the Ark as well as the three girls chasing their lost kitten. With the entrance of the younger

generation, the costumes begin to cause some confusion in style and weight for while Father Noah is very warmly clad in homespun with baggy breeches and Mrs. Noah has the coiffure and habiliments of the peasant, the girls wear modernistic draperies of batik and the boys have necklaces. The wickedness of mankind is symbolized in a shiny cannibal with "fuzzy wuzzy" hair. The animals are given such surréaliste masks that it is rather difficult to distinguish the Lion from the Tiger, but the Bear is himself and the Cow waves her hoofs.

Noah's sons are willful young men addicted to strange dances and posturing; Ham is the dissenting and subversive minority—the Bolshevik of the cruise. When Noah finds his family too difficult, he talks to the animals. Ararat instead of being a triumphant occasion is full of tragic implications. Not waiting for the sacrificial feast described in Genesis, Shem, Ham and Japhet run off with their wives "to overspread the earth" without taking leave of their father. When the Bear lumbers back, Noah thinks he has one friend who has not forsaken him but the Bear's hug nearly proves a deadly one and what shocked the audience even more was that Mrs. Noah merely laughed to see her husband struggling with the brute. When she lies down to take her nap, Noah is left alone on his mountain in an arid, desert world. "What more, Oh, Lord?" he cries. The rainbow is the answer. "Thank you, God!" says Noah.—*At the Longacre.*

REVISOR (THE INSPECTOR GENERAL).—There certainly seem to be a great many Russians in town when one goes to a Russian play! There was very little English spoken around us—we were just behind two Chinamen—but by the end of the evening we found that not only had the comedy proved quite intelligible but that we knew *"niet"* meant no; that we were thoroughly familiar with the use of *"Nitchevo"* and *"Boesche me"* and Slavic seemed less formidable when we actually followed the words in a question: *"Blondin?* Brunette?" By which we hope to prove to you that so excellent is the art of the Moscow Art Players, so pointed their pantomime and so lively their humor that *Revisor* is really funny in New York.

Several years ago an English version of Gogol's classic was attempted but it was as entertaining as *She Loves Me Not* might be if acted very painstakingly by Japanese. The older members of the Moscow Art Players were trained originally in the famous Theater in Moscow but since the Revolution have made their headquarters in Prague. Michel Chekhov, their leader, a nephew of the writer, has a wide reputation on the German stage from *Hamlet* down to the deceitful young fop in *Revisor.* A township which mistakes a bankrupt young clerk on a holiday for the inspector general traveling incognito, is the background upon which Gogol has painted in flaming colors the caricatures of all rural officialdom and petty graft. It might be played as a political satire but M. Chekhov and his company dance through it as fastest farce, keeping every character, however, a complete and rounded individual. The gusto, the detail and the exuberance of it are incredible. For four hours, the tempo never slackens and a Russian behind us was so entranced that he laughed right through the *entr'acte*! Mr.

Chekhov has a suppleness that can only come from early training in the ballet. He and his company are an inspiring and, what is better, an enjoyable institution.—*At the Majestic.*

PETTICOAT FEVER.—Since December this Arctic Circle farce has been testing its temperature before braving the rigors of New York. Like the rolling snowball it has increased its weight along the road from Philadelphia to Chicago and back again, and now with Leo G. Carroll as a foil to Dennis King it has bounced onto Broadway to encounter no blizzard but warm praise. The setting at least is new to comedy. The driving snow that has fallen on so many a tragic heroine is now the handmaid of mirth; the loneliness of Labrador is the keynote of fun, and the futile boredom of a lone wireless telegrapher gives Mr. King an opportunity for ten minutes of pantomime which are some of the best in the play. In that short scene, one lives over with him all his two years of ennui.

The cardiac cataclysms that ensue when a beautiful young lady suddenly drifts down in an aëroplane to his door are shown with explosive emphasis by Mr. King. Drama enters with Mr. Carroll as the pompous and jealous *fiancé*. As Sir James Fenton (Carroll) is as determined to take the lovely Ethel as quickly to Montreal as the wireless operator is to detain her; there is a battle of wits plus weather and although the betting had no odds, the action was lively. The farce freezes when Clara arrives on a bobsled. Clara is Mr. King's own *fiancée* who had been promising to come for two years but she comes just too late—not that we intend to infer any irregular proceedings, for the Mission is only ninety miles away and it supplies not only a parson but a portable organ. The fooling becomes a little too foolish when the girls begin to play wedding marches for each other and Mr. King shows that he can't keep step with Ethel but by that time one is in a thoroughly complacent mood and grateful for a pleasant evening. Ethel is really beautiful with Doris Dalton and Mr. King's dynamic humors are always returned at just the right angle by Leo Carroll. Nor does *Petticoat Fever* make any indiscreet disclosures.—*At the Ritz.*

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.—There were once two brothers: one valued life in terms of power and family pride, the other in art and family affection. When financial depression reared its reddish head, the rich man lured his innocent little niece into marriage with a half-witted millionaire to save the family credit—then the tragedy ensues. But when so turbulent an author as Bourdet, makes so ingenuous a start, one realizes that there must be some sensational snag ahead. There is—Act III. has one of the most abhorent scenes that has been on the stage for many a year. It is not that the situation is pushed beyond the natural limits of decency as in *Point Valaine* but even handled as it is with all the delicacy possible in the circumstances, it is a nasty experience. We can only hope that it proves a deterrent to any ambitious girl whose common sense is obscured by the glitter of golden millions.

Louis Bromfield has rebuilt the French *château* in Colonial style on the North Shore of Massachusetts. Here Forbes Pentland lives in luxu-

rious dignity with his wife, his son, his snappish daughter-in-law, his brother-in-law and old Madam Pentland. In accordance with the best traditions of New England the old stock has one withered shoot, a demented sister, whose screams added macabre notes to the French production and the American rehearsals but which now are merely mentioned. Harry Pentland, the artist brother, lives cheerfully and cheaply with his French actress wife and his gay little daughter and son in a small house in Bridgeport, Conn. Scenes I. and II. of Act I. contrast these two households so obviously that whereas the first curtain falls on Forbes declaring he has no appetite for brook trout, pheasants and *pâté de fois gras*, Harry sits down, happily ravenous, in dressing gown and slippers to a steaming platter of stew!

Trite though the story be, it is abundantly quickened to life by the truth of the dialogue and the acting. Each character is given a distinct individuality by the seasoned cast directed by Auriol Lee in which Cissie Loftus is Madam Pentland; Robert Loraine the worried mill-owner, Forbes; Moffat Johnston the happy-go-lucky artist with whom Boucher charmed Paris, while his wife is Fania Marinoff; his son, Owen Davis, Jr., and his daughter is Elena Miramova. Miramova's Marianne is one of the most charming and moving portrayals of the season. Her happy innocence changes into stabbing despair after her marriage and yet even then Marianne's tender heart still has some compassion for the defective creature she has married. It is to Marianne that all the Pentlands turn in the end, for "times have changed." Act III. proves it.—*At the National.*

AWAKE AND SING!—The Bergers are such a very unattractive family! The small apartment in the Bronx seems always ringing with their squabbles. There are Popper and Mommer; the usual girl who goes wrong; the boy who wants to get away from home, and Grandpa who takes the white woolly dog out to walk and who plays records of old operas. When Mommer, in one of her meanest exhibitions of temper, breaks all the old man's records, he takes the white woolly dog out for the last time. Grandpa realizes that if he slips on the roof, his insurance money will help his grandson to get away, and after seeing what life can be at home, one can't blame him.

Mr. Odets, who sprang into prominence this winter with his one-act labor play *Waiting for Lefty*, has colored a drab story with apt and racy dialogue. His people are alive; Moe Axelrod, the hard-boiled gambler; prosperous Uncle Morty; the neurasthenic Sammy Feinschreiber who has been duped into marrying the girl; old Jacob, who still has enough orthodoxy to be able to quote Isaias: "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." Detached from the Synagogue, the sentiment that mellowed the bickerings of *Potash and Perlmutter*, now seems to have departed completely from this generation. Sean O'Casey's tenements house no miracles of meekness but if his people break the peace they do it gaily and their souls are not too dead to respond to the poetry of living, but it would seem easier to sing in the dust than in the Bronx!

Among the members of the Group Theater appearing in Mr. Odets' play, Luther Adler as Moe, and Carnovsky as Jacob are the surest. Stella Adler was self-conscious and

over-querulous as Mrs. Berger. We question her easy hysterics when she hears of her father's accident; so sudden a shock coming to some one with an uneasy conscience would be more apt to paralyze emotion. "They conceive mischief and bring forth iniquity" seems to us a more appropriate text for the title. —*At the Belasco.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—It is one of the mysteries of the theater why this drab and tragic drama of "pore whites" in Georgia should outlast all other attractions. It now has its third "Jeeter" in James Bell.—*At the Forrest.*

November

THE GREAT WALTZ.—Dedicated to the melodies of Johann Strauss, this operetta is designed on a mammoth scale for Radio City where it provides a beautiful spectacle.—*At the Center.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—The disintegrations that follow the sudden influx of a movie queen and her suite into a "Tourists Accommodated" along Route 6 in Pennsylvania provide a comedy that most people find funnier than we did.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

POST ROAD.—Again "Tourists Accommodated" but this time in Connecticut with a melodrama punctuated by the expert comedy of Miss Lucile Watson. Considered too clever a plot to use on the screen for fear some gangster might take the suggestion!—*At the Masque.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—But not for children nor for anyone who objects to being continuously harrowed. The theme is not one that should be used on the stage, but it is handled with seriousness and tact and teaches an unforgettable lesson of the wickedness of hasty judgments. Superbly acted.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES.—A witty but often vulgar satiric operetta with such clever comedians as Victor Moore and William Gaxton. It overreaches good taste at several points —funny enough to make most people forget it.—*At the Alvin.*

February

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.—In which Leslie Howard as a modern Villon strolls into a gas station in the Arizona desert and meets there not only some escaping gunmen but a young girl who inspires him to make the one worth while sacrifice of his career. The characters are as well drawn as they are acted. The forest is supposed to be the symbol of the machine age which finds itself baffled by the power of natural forces. —*At the Broadhurst.*

THE OLD MAID.—One of Edith Wharton's short stories of New York in the very early nineteenth century but with dialogue supplied by Zoe Akins. Helen Menken is the poor

relation and Judith Anderson the rich matron. The sets and costumes by Stewart Chaney have made a sensation. The story has a poignant ending.—*At the Empire.*

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A *risqué* story but acted so charmingly by Nicholas Hannen and Constance Cummings that it seems a rather sentimental and sweet little comedy until one suddenly realizes that it is quite without benefit of clergy—or morals.—*At the Plymouth.*

March

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Bergner is irresistible as Gemma Jones, the cosmopolitan waif who is so loyal to her genius, Sebastian Sanger, the son of the Sanger of *The Constant Nymph.* Hugh Sinclair does a wonderfully clever piece of acting as Sebastian and with the cast that held London enthralled for a year, this famous German actress offers pathos, humor and tragedy in fast succession.—*At the Shubert.*

LABURNUM GROVE.—A rather static but very original comedy by Mr. Priestley which introduces to appreciative audiences the rare English comedian, Stephen Gwenn. If it were all as good as Act III. it would run forever. Although the sympathy is thrown to the crooks, it is the pink of propriety in words and action.—*At the Booth.*

FLY AWAY HOME.—The reactions of some very modern children to a father who finds them as alien to his ideas as he is to them. Thomas Mitchell is most amusing as the puzzled parent and the children are delightful although we blushed at some of their remarks as much as their father did. The outcome is most conventional and moral.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

THUMBS UP.—Eddie Dowling's musical revue which he has tried to keep decent and suitable for children as well as their elders. The result is very satisfying, with Mr. Clark as comedian.—*At the St. James.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A funny farce about the proper little writer of jingles for greeting cards and his adventures with some race track followers. The humor is very cheap and coarse although the morals are pure.—*At the Playhouse.*

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES.—One comedy that can be recommended for any age with absolute propriety and much enjoyment, as Walter Connolly is simply immense as the Church of England Bishop who is a Father Brown in his love for detective stories and who handles a difficult situation without calling in the police. Horace Sinclair, A. P. Kaye and Jane Wyatt are in the cast. —*At the Cort.*

The Ball and the Cross

***The Ball and the Cross** is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

KIT CARSON'S CATHOLICITY

WHEN in 1803 Thomas Jefferson entered into a bargain with Napoleon whereby the United States acquired half of this American continent, perhaps neither of the parties realized the extent of the transaction. Bonaparte, like the French ruler before him who considered Canada a "few acres of snow," may have regretted the loss of the large waste of steppes and swamps which bordered the Mississippi, but beyond that was not greatly concerned. Yet out of the development of this inland empire—the Louisiana Purchase—what a race of men evolved, and what a tradition of hardihood survives.

One of the strongest characters to emerge from this process of nation-building was Kit Carson. Out in the southwest his name is a symbol. It stands for courage, truthfulness and temperance. If historical study does its full duty it will secure for him an even higher place in the knowledge and esteem of his countrymen than he now holds. In this our day these same countrymen might well learn more about Kit. In every sense of the word he was a "straight shooter," perhaps the original himself.

His contemporaries and biographers measure a large moral stature for the intrepid little pathfinder. General Sherman said of him, "His integrity is simply perfect," while General Fremont affirmed, "With me Carson and truth are one." "Kit is one of Dame Nature's gentlemen, a sort of article which she gets up occasionally but nowhere in better style than in the backwoods of America," is the quaint description of Lieut. Douglas Brewerton. Another eulogist, Lieut. Beale, thus apostrophizes, "Dear old Kit, O wise of counsel, strong of frame, brave of heart and gentle of nature. Tasso," he continues lavishly, "would have placed him by the side of Godfrey or Rinaldo." The *Rocky Mountain News*, reporting Carson's death in its issue of May 27, 1868, comments thus on his character: "Daring, de-

voted and sincere, his fidelity has been unblemished in every hour of his life and in every relation. Citizen, soldier, husband, father, neighbor; in all these relations his guiding instinct has been an innate chivalry from the practice of which nothing has ever deflected him. He had in him a personal courage which came forth when wanted like lightning from a cloud; at other times unobtrusive and unnoticed." This estimate must be a true one for it stands unchallenged and has only been repeated by those who have written or spoken about the General.

Born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Christmas eve, 1809, Kit started westward with the family just a year later. A settlement was made by the party in a wilderness clearing in Howard County, Missouri, about two hundred miles west of St. Louis. Here he passed his boyhood. At the age of fifteen he came to man's estate and prowess. His small frame had settled into its life mold of five feet eight inches and one hundred and forty-five pounds weight. One year's apprenticeship with a neighboring saddler at Franklin fanned the nomadic instincts burning within him. He ran away to join a caravan bound for Santa Fé. As "cavvy boy" he herded the horses and mules that trailed after the massive Pittsburg wagons and Dearborn coaches. The Missouri *Intelligencer* of October 6, 1826, announced: "One cent reward will be given the person who will bring back the said boy." But destiny refused to enter into so cheap a bargain.

A career of greatness opened to this lad called Christopher. His natural virtues were of a fine strong quality. They gained for him universal esteem as the Southwest's foremost pathfinder, scout, hunter, Indian agent and military leader. The subject of his religious belief and practice has led to interesting discussion. The data available is of no little historical importance. To begin with, there is his name. It harks back to a very ancient Christianity. Was it given to him as an infant at Baptism? Very probably. That is the surmise of his only living child. Sabin in his *Kit Carson Days* asserts that he was baptized just previously to his second marriage, but there seems to be no proof for this statement. The place and the people among whom the family settled in Missouri bear the mark of Catholicity. Of them Venerable Philippine Duchesne, who had just arrived in the territory with her band of religious missionaries, wrote back to France in 1818. "But God who looks with mercy on this country has inspired the Superior at Georgetown to buy in upper Missouri land much in demand, and daily He sends here families of Americans, most of them from Kentucky, who are settling at Boonslick where there are good salt mines, and they are establishing themselves also not far from Franklin, where the Jesuits will probably build their college, and from there settlements will extend to far regions where the faith is unknown."

In his young manhood Kit married an Arapahoe maiden who died shortly after the birth of their first child. The father's care of this daughter, Adeline, is one of the most pleasing facets of his character. Realizing that the four-year-old girl could never be properly trained in the crude environment of Bent's Fort, New Mexico, he took her back with him to St. Louis. Kit's heart

held a great hope for the security and culture of the little one who rode along with him on the long trek East. It found fulfillment in the convent home where he placed her. On the return trip he met Lieut. John Charles Fremont, who describes the meeting in his *Memoirs:* "On the boat I met Kit Carson. He was returning from putting his little daughter in a convent school at St. Louis. I was pleased with him at this first meeting. He was a man of medium height, broad shouldered and deep chested, with a clear, steady, blue eye and frank speech and address, quiet and unassuming." The West owes much to this meeting.

Some years later when Carson had returned to Taos, New Mexico, after the first Fremont expedition he married a second time. The parish record, in part, runs: "Cristover Carson & Maria Josefa Jaramillo married on the 6th day of February, 1843, by the parish priest, Antonio José Martinez."

Maria Josefa, a belle of one of the best New Mexican families, was a dutiful Catholic wife. Kit was entirely devoted to her. They lived together for twenty-five years and the eight children who were born to them were brought up in the atmosphere of a Catholic home. Padre Martinez afterwards became the storm center of a schismatic revolt which Bishop Lamy sent Father Machebeuf to suppress.

Carson's part in this affair shows a fine loyalty to "Señor Vicario." Father Howlett in his *Life of Bishop Machebeuf* says: "There were living in Taos Valley at this time Kit Carson, Charles Beaubien, Ceran St. Vrain and other prominent Catholics both American and Mexican, who were friends of Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf. These men got together with their friends and gave warning to the opposite party that no repetition of Jan. 19, 1847 was to be permitted, and if any indignities were offered to Señor Vicario there would be war from that moment and it would be war to the death." Describing the dramatic excommunication of Martinez in his own church, Father Howlett continues: "Let it be said that Carson, Beaubien and St. Vrain were thoroughly prepared and had their men advantageously posted to watch every movement of the enemy, and any attempt at creating a disturbance would have been vigorously met. 'We shall not let them do as they did in 1847,' said Kit Carson, 'when they murdered and pillaged. I am a man of peace and my motto is, "Good will to all." I hate disturbances among the people, but I can fight a little yet, and I know of no better cause to fight for than my family, *my Church*, and my friend, Señor Vicario.' "

Carson's Catholicity is further shown in the appreciative account which he wrote of Father De Smet's missionary work among the trappers and hunters gathered at Fort Davy Crockett, Colorado. He was delighted that forty children were baptized by the famous priest. Similarly the records show that he acted as sponsor at the baptism of José S. Garcia, now a priest, the oldest of the diocesan clergy of the Denver diocese.

Against all this is the fact of Carson's membership in the Masons. Recently the Reverend Barry Wogan of the Denver *Catholic Register* put the question of the General's faith squarely to Charles C. Carson, his sole surviving son. He received this answer.

"La Junta, Colo.,
"April 21, 1934.

"Reverend Barry Wogan:
"Dear Father,

"Your letter was handed to me to answer as I am the only surviving child of Kit Carson. The Catholic Church was the only Church here in his day, and he was a firm believer in God. There is a tradition in our family that my father was a Catholic (in heart at least). In Taos he was married to my mother by a padre and would have had to be christened if he had not been or his baptism blessed. No record of either is found in Taos, which leads us to think that he was baptized a Catholic in infancy. All of their children were christened and reared Catholics till they were grown, and the majority of the grandchildren and great grandchildren are active Catholics to-day. So we always feel that he was a Catholic although we have not been able to find the records but hope to some day. He did join the Masons, but many weak Catholics do.

"Yours truly,
"Charles C. Carson."

This last statement may not be such damaging evidence against the pathfinder's faith as would at first appear. Kit's affiliation with the order must be viewed in the light of the frontier conditions in which he lived. Opportunities for instruction in his religion were exceedingly limited owing to his nomadic manner of life during many years, his inability to read or write until the latter portion of his career, and the scarcity of priests in the regions where he roamed. Naturally the Grand Lodge of New Mexico is proud to possess the General's weapons. However it was not until 1908 that it restored the graves of Kit and his wife. The assertion which closes one *Life* of the scout is evidently of so gratuitous a nature as to give grounds for doubting Carson's enthusiastic allegiance to the order. "He was buried at Fort Lyon, where he died, but with the expectation that the fraternity [Masons] some day would take his remains to the Masonic grounds at Santa Fé." As a matter of fact he was buried at Boggsville, five miles from Fort Lyon, where his wife had been interred a short time before. His last request was that they both be reinterred in the old cemetery at Taos. Knowing Kit's nobility of character as we do it is hard to think that the memory and the prayers of the devout Josefa who had died just one month to the day before him did not gain for him the grace of a contrite preparation for death even though no priest was at hand.

EUGENE P. MURPHY, S.J.

Nova et Vetera

Wanted: Truth in the Vernacular

Today is the day, indeed of great information, but not of thoroughness and real education. Nor is it too much to say that one of the factors in producing this characteristic is the present state of philosophy. The same thing reaches out into religious questions as well. Very often, when there seems to be a quite unaccountable lack of understanding of the Catholic doctrines, and a consequent unreasoning denial of them on the part of non-Catholic writers, the real cause is not blindness to their appeal or the obstinacy of self-will, but the absence of that rational discipline which an acquaintance with the inheritance of scholastic philosophy and an acceptance of it would provide as *præambula fidei*. It is not that a man is dull or of bad will, but his philosophy is non-existent or erroneous. He is not really sound on fundamental truths. . . .

For these reasons it would appear that the holding of a sound body of philosophic truth as a common possession on the part of all educated men in English-speaking countries would be an immense advantage to the Church, removing a very real difficulty out of her path. Build on the achievements of the past, in this as in other matters, not indeed to stop dead where these come to an end, but to use them as a means to rise higher than their predecessors have been able to rise: using what they have won as a treasure not to be hoarded, but to be put out at interest. If something of this kind could be substituted for the present chaos, subjective and hence never advancing beyond the individual, but gyrating in cycle fashion, the gain even in the natural order would be immeasurable. But beyond this, a better foundation would be laid, at least among the educated classes, for a rational, well-grounded, scientific acceptance of the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Only gradually are Catholic teachers and writers awakening to the needs and possibilities of the situation. Many have been hitherto quite content to go on treating scholastic philosophy as a technical prerogative of the clergy, and thereby ignoring any necessity to adapt it to the requirements of a greater world than their own. Those outside their own circle find it almost impossible to find common ground or common language to meet such men as these, while they, on their part, are quite incapable of dealing effectively with the thinkers and writers whose thoughts are couched in the English of the present. All honour, therefore, to those whose courage and enlightenment have prompted them to become the pioneers of a great movement for the direct diffusion of natural truth and the consequent indirect preparation for Catholic truth. In other words, all honour to the new scholastic movement properly understood. If not actually begun, yet deriving its chief driving force from the efforts of Cardinal Mercier and the band of eminent writers who gathered round him at Louvain, it has now permeated nearly all the re-

gions of cultivated thought whether in Europe or America, and bids fair to mould the outlook of a very large proportion of philosophical thinkers not only within the fold of Catholicism, but, though to a smaller extent, in that perplexed yet independent republic of thought which is found outside.

Much has already been accomplished. . . . Much still remains to be done. We need compendiums for the use of the classes in colleges working at their normal course of philosophy under a class master. We need attractive and scientific monographs on single great philosophical problems. We need even more translations of the standard books of the most advanced new scholastics; not only from the school of Louvain but from the German, from the French, from the Spanish and the Italian, and last but not least from the Latin of the present-day writers. These translations would need to be not merely bald renderings of the *ipsissima verba* of the originals, but idiomatic, current, vigorous versions into the speech of contemporary scientific men. In part a terminology has to be created, yet, very often there really exists an equivalent in English of the term to be translated, if only the translator has the patience and the width of knowledge of the English language to find it. Either or both of these requisites may be wanting. It must be admitted that some of the plainest and most obvious English terms have become hopelessly ambiguous, but they are not peculiar in that. If one wished to turn the tables, there are plenty of similar ambiguities to be found in Latin, even scholastic Latin, and in other languages too. And even if to some extent a terminology has to be created, it is surely not beyond human power to do so. It has been done under still greater difficulties, and with infinitely greater barbarism for such departments as medicine, botany or electricity. Similar work could be done for philosophy with far better hope of success. . . .

The progress made in the course of the last century in nearly every branch of physical science has led to a sort of intoxication in the public mind, which has been drugged into the belief that physical science is all science, and that there is no validity in any knowledge which cannot be brought under the experimental tests proper to physical phenomena. But an intelligent and trained Catholic can hardly share this delusion in any but a very superficial way. He has a philosophy at his command which transcends the data and phenomena of physical science. He has a certitude arising from this philosophy which far surpasses the certitude of physical science. Physical certitude is always hypothetical and limited, but the metaphysical certitude of philosophical science is not hypothetical nor is it limited, but universal with regard to its own subject-matter. And this is to say nothing of another certitude higher and greater still—that of revealed religion, which is enjoyed by all those who frankly accept the Catholic Church's commission. It must appear to all such as being in the highest degree unscientific, and narrow to a degree, to attempt to judge of these higher things by physical knowledge. Physical science is science, indeed, *secundum quid*, and to a certain extent, but to intrude it into the higher regions of perfect science, whether natural or supernatural is a proceeding than which nothing more unscientific can be con-

ceived by those who realize the partiality, the imperfection and the relatively subordinate place which is all that by right belongs to the whole of what we call the physical sciences.

—From *The Catholic Church in English-Speaking Lands*. By George Strebing, C.SS.R. (London: Sands & Co.).

The Wisdom of the Cross

"Wisdom alone is kind to me,
Wisdom that comes from agony."

So speaks the "madman" at the end of Masefield's "Good Friday." Christ, says St. Paul, is the wisdom of God, and Christ is surely good to me. Is it not better to accept the cross, since the cross is both the love and the agony of our Blessed Lord? "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews indeed a stumbling block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness: but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

To think that pain is in itself a way to Christ and to God is a mistake. Pain is strife. Pain is not to our liking; nature revolts against pain. God did not make us in order that we might have pain. Pain, and suffering, and agony may be borne and yet the end may be fruitless: the end may be evil. The individual may be undone: the race have no profit. Self-denial is not in itself the growth and the betterment of self. They who make pain or the bearing of pain an end in itself, or through suffering alone think to approach nearer God and serve their fellows, make a serious if not a fatal error.

Life alone can be the desire and the end of life. That which draws and unites to the source of all life is love. Love is the fulfillment. . . .

The very instinct of the lover is to fulfill in himself that life of the Beloved Christ. His soul is straitened daily till it be more perfect, more complete. The love is the power, the joy, the end. The love is life.

It is the life, cost what it may. In one sense it matters not to the lover what it costs. He cannot take his heart or his eyes or his desires from it. What it will cost to attain is the lover's joy and glory, for the cost is inseparable from it, is part of it.

The vast chasm between the imperfect and the perfect, between the sinner and the just, has separated him from the beloved, but out of it Christ has drawn him. With effort: fidelity: denial: pain: shame and tears must the long climb be made, yet all these are means, are a joy because they are the condition of full union with, or full possession of Him.

He, the Beloved, has made Himself one with the world's sin and the world's sinners. Not without extreme suffering, intense pain, was it done, and yet suffering and pain were the very conditions by which He entered into His glory, by which He made the entrance for us. No one can love Him without suffering because of, and with, Him; no one can love Him without striving to make up what is wanting of His sufferings. What is wanting of His sufferings is the free personal denial of self that we can make for His sake; the offering of self in union with Him for the sins, the needs of others. No lover can hear His cry, "I thirst," without thirsting also.

Not in the sweetness of His love as yet: not in the easy fulfillment of the law: not in the enjoyment of earthly things, however fair they be: not in the self-satisfaction of self-

attainment—in none of these things by themselves do we know or find Christ. We know Him in the love that loves Him and that yields us the courage to take daily with joy the Cross set before us, for the Cross is Christ and Christ is the Cross. If we have enough love to live it, we will find ourselves led to the security and the peace of the fullest life.

—From *Christ in Us*. By JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P., S.T.D. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press).

THE MAN OF BALANCE

SOCIETY, in the humanist's view, lacks intelligible pattern, and even the individual is not always of a piece with himself. Perhaps it comes of our speed and efficiency, but in any case we miss repose, fail of control; often in the same person we get scientist, the man of exact research and thinking, and emotionalist, the man of blind uncontrolled feeling, of unrestraint, and furious reforms. The tired business man, shut up all day with the minutiæ of facts, likes an emotional spree in the evening, and he calls this orgy the appreciation of art or practice of religion. "Intellectual unrestraint is to be tempered by an unrestrained emotionalism," and the "worship of facts and details as such, in the raw state, is at times compensated by fits of mysticism." . . . We get, let's say, a Bertrand Russell, exact scientist in the logic of mathematics, and yet pessimist in general thought and excitable in the rôle of sociologist-educator. Or an H. G. Wells who is all gush and inexactness and uncontrolled dashing-about, yet who in his youth was trained in scientific methodology. In our country we have the weeping, despairing Judge Lindsey who, we suppose, is expert in criminology, and the mighty Ford, wise business man and unenlightened pacifier; and perhaps we are fairly the originators of the men of success who buy art or endow education as a tailpiece for their lives. We have also the immediatists with William James in his day, and John Dewey in ours, at their head; forget origins and forget goals, they say in sum, and just push and be rotarian-wise. When we see many of the exact scientists, big politicians and financiers showing an irrational theory, and perhaps practice, in literature, the arts and religion, we may be sure the source of the trouble is not Rousseau, and is not Bacon, but the two of them unreconciled in the breast of the one person.

In the world of letters we meet the same sort of riot and unbalance, a Dreiser for instance who is a great amorphous force. Among the smarter critics and creators we see a group of behavior-naturists who show plenty of vitality, but seldom have aim or purpose, or continuity of vision. The humanistic conception of man as an agent with self-controls is submerged beneath the romantic notion of the irresponsibility of temperament.

In contrast to this sort of frenzy and unrestraint, the humanist thinks it possible to learn from history and from one's own use of the frein vital that there is a normal man of balanced interests and controlled character. He does not love extremes, much less two unreconciled extremes in the one person tearing him to pieces. But his revolt from impressionism does not commit him to mere science, nor does his little love for modernistic cults make him uncritical and anti-modern. He likes good things, but in measure. He wishes to see the eagle and the dove

integrated as they were in Francis of Sales, to have mediation between extremes. He does not see the human fitness of great scientific waves and c o n t r a r y emotional waves breaking man to bits, man in society or in the same individual. He would not be unwilling to take a midway between that intellectual scepticism and spiritual affirmation which Mr. More says is the main feature and strength of his beloved Socratic Plato. And at a time when we are cut off—hopelessly, as he thinks—from our roots in the past, and accept no general binding force of society in the present, the humanist would prefer to see the mature and educated man look within himself for power to make extremes meet and to save us from excesses. He feels that we produce half men, men of bank account, men of information. His interest, he says, is in whole man.

The expert, damned if he knows two things, is hardly the normal person. Nor is Luther's drunken man on horseback, propped up one way and sure then to fall over the other way. We wish to take a middle way between extremes in human affairs in general, and to acclaim even "a common sense of beauty." Men might balance pleasure and pain, and rightly implant them in the soul of the yet unreasoning child, so that, Mr. More hopes with Plato, as the child grows up its soul may be in accord with reason by habit; which accord is virtue in its completeness. In the individual we might find a steady intellectual scepticism and a deep spiritual affirmation, but the two reconciled and lived together. In the one person, selection and sympathy,—neither all form nor all feeling. . . . All we hope for is a complete and symmetrical life. Such is the law of measure which for most purposes "is the supreme law of life, because it bounds and includes all other laws." This law of measure or moderation, this via media, has long had human sanction: in the Occident, at least from the time of Aristotle, and in the Orient, at least from the time of Confucius.

Not love, not even liberty, Mr. Babbitt says, but the law of measure, is the highest law for man. One does not want formalism, rigidity, sociologico-metaphysical prose in literature or in life; all the same, one needs not run after sensation for its own sake, or insist on intense, local impressions which are rather related to the outer and fleeting, and far from "the normal, the representative, the human." In fact, the fully impressionistic, in life and in letters, is incomprehensible, and if the arts are now restless, this may be because we are "living in an impressionistic flutter. If the arts lack dignity, centrality, repose, it is because the men of the present have no center, no sense of anything fixed or permanent either within or without themselves." Of course, we may yet go to the limits of expansiveness: in education to pure indiscipline, in fiction to a "pathological outpouring," to a philosophy "even more careless of rationality"; all the way to a universal expressionism, sentimentalism, sensibility at the expense of all sense, to a loss of direction and management, simply to disorder as the acme of life. And yet the Greek way was far other. What this teaches is "that man may combine an exquisite measure with a perfect spontaneity, that he may be at once thoroughly disciplined and t h o r o u g h l y inspired."

—From *Values and Reality*. By Leo Ward, C.S.C. (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

Foreign Periodicals

Danger of War

There is a danger of war in Europe to-day; in spite of peace pacts, conferences and other attempts to establish security one nation does not trust another, and war may arise at any moment. On the other hand, it may never arise, and upright men of all nations are endeavouring to prevent it by every means within their power. In all this Catholics are vitally concerned, for we form a large section of the European community, and are directly concerned about the welfare of the community. We must not be blind to obvious facts, we must know what is expected of us if war should actually break out; at the same time, we must show a practical desire for peace in Europe, and assist in any way possible to secure it. But our actions must be guided by sound principles, clearly understood and appreciated. Without such clear intellectual judgment we may be carried away by sentiment either to glorify war in militarist fashion, or to condemn war absolutely as something of its nature evil, like murder or adultery. Either view might lead to the worst disasters; neither is a view which a Catholic may hold. Popes and Bishops have repeatedly insisted on the evils of war, but they have never categorically asserted that war is always and inevitably sinful. Rather they have pointed out that war may sometimes be just. Living in the midst of a world crying out for peace we may find this attitude of the Bishops rather disconcerting, and the reasons for it are not always clear. On these reasons, on the principles behind the teaching of Pope and Bishops, the present writer has attempted to shed a little light.

The principles may be first briefly summarised:

1. War in its very essence is not sinful. It may be lawful provided certain conditions are observed. They are

2. that the war must be waged in an honourable fashion, without the use of sinful means;

3. that the declaration of war must be made by a legitimately constituted authority which represents the nation, and whose intention is upright;

4. that the evils involved must be at most merely tolerated, not directly intended either as an end or as a means to an end;

5. that the good to be achieved must be greater than the evils resulting. There must be a just cause for going to war. . . .

War may, then, be lawful. But it is not lawful if it is waged in a dishonourable fashion, if means which are in themselves sinful are used to achieve even a good purpose. The end does not justify the means, even in war. Justice and Charity, the virtues and the ten commandments must be maintained even in war, and any infringement of these is sin, for which the sinners must bear a fearful responsibility. For example, to kill the innocent who do not actively participate in the action of war is unlawful, and involves the sin of homicide on the part of those who authorise such killing. War is

no longer carried on in an honourable fashion if greater injuries are inflicted than are necessary to avert the injustice of the aggressor. Even the victorious nation which has fought justly has no right to inflict punishment on the enemy, for it has no jurisdiction over the other unless received expressly from God, as the Israelites received it in the Old Testament. Victory only gives the right to secure just demands and to ensure the preservation of justice in the future, the right to reparations and security—nothing more. . . .

The position of the common soldier also calls for attention. The soldier who is fighting on the side of justice is merely performing a duty which the nation can reasonably demand of him. An able-bodied man capable of fighting is bound to defend the community of which he is a member; he is bound even to risk his life to prevent an injustice so widespread that it affects a whole nation. If he is not fighting on the side of justice and realises that his cause is unjust, he commits sin by participating. If, however, he thinks that his cause is just (and normally he must accept the judgment of superiors on this point), he fights justly even though in reality the cause is unjust. But it does not seem legitimate to kill those who are fighting for what they honestly consider to be just (and most soldiers are in this position). They have committed no sin; they are in good faith. Nevertheless, it may be necessary and lawful to kill them just as it is necessary and lawful to kill a lunatic who threatens one with death. He is in good faith, he commits no sin, but it is lawful to kill him if his aggression cannot be averted in any other way. . . .

The evils of war are manifest, and the evils of modern warfare are infinitely greater than anything which was known to combatants even of a hundred years ago. If there were a war to-day it would be far more frightful even than the last. In modern warfare millions of lives are lost in the midst of excruciating torture, and many are cut off without the opportunity of making their peace with God. Large numbers are maimed and broken for life, left limbless, blinded, paralysed, or driven utterly insane by the cruelties of war. Even non-combatants suffer to a less degree indeed, but often in the same manner as those who fight for their country. And in every war women have suffered in the most shameful way, which to some of them is a fate worse than the most cruel death. Certainly this is not a necessary part of war, but in actual fact it has been present in every war since the beginning of history and can be expected in any future war. All this must be considered seriously by those who let loose the horrors of war; if any of these are intended directly as an end, then the intention is evil; if as a means then the mode of war is unjust. In either case the war is unlawful. But because they need not be directly intended, because theoretically at least it is not primarily desired even to kill or wound a single individual, war may be just; it is supposed that the mind of one who fights justly is to inflict the least possible harm necessary to maintain justice. . . .

Belonging as we do to a universal Church whose bond of union is the charity of Christ we must make every effort to break down that spirit of mutual distrust and hatred which leads to the increase of defensive armaments on all sides. We

must refuse to coöperate with the immoral traffickers who provide armaments for two nations at war with one another, who sell them to the highest bidder, regardless of the use to which they may be put, who in time of war even sell them to the enemy to be used against their fellow countrymen. But we must face facts, and realising the danger of aggression in Europe to-day must not condemn a nation for refusing to disarm beyond the needs of adequate self-defence. In this as in so many other moral problems the Catholic view avoids extremes and carefully considers all circumstances. Realising that war may be just and necessary, we cannot condemn the making of armaments to some degree. But we hope for peace and seek it. Recalling what has been effected in the post-war years we regard the past as some guarantee of the future and may perhaps have confidence that the peace of Europe will be maintained during the years to come. But our confidence must have a surer foundation still, the foundation which is Christ Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

—Edward Quinn, in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), March, 1935.

Capitalism or Co-operation

The fault's not in the stars but in ourselves that capitalism stands condemned. Christian and Catholic capitalists and shareholders — like landowners with their rents from slum properties — have put their profits and dividends first and the wages of their neighbour, whom they employ, second. And so we have reached what is called an economic crisis; abundance of goods and no money to buy them. The culmination of capitalism and its condemnation.

But why turn to Communism because capitalism is condemned? No doubt there are a number of industries that are better under the management and control of the National Government than left in private hands; and this number will vary in each land. Generally, public roads and railways, electricity and water are the care of the State. Only it is necessary to remember that the State is, after all, ourselves; and that unless we choose competent and honest men to attend to the national interests, the nation will suffer. Co-operation is a very real alternative to capitalism, Communism and State-Socialism.

Profit-sharing and co-partnership arrangements are either co-operative, *i. e.*, self-governing, or they are methods for giving labour an interest in the particular business and a voice in the management, but not a controlling voice. Labour is very much the junior partner in profit-sharing and co-partnership undertakings. And the junior partner is by no means pleased when the senior partners announce that no profits exist to be shared and no bonus can be paid. Yet such announcements do occur and must needs occur.

Co-operation offers that self-government in industry that many desire; at the same time it gets rid of the heavy tax on labour imposed by the capitalist seeking profits and by shareholders seeking dividends. Producers and distributors can combine in agriculture and forming themselves into one or more societies share all the profit themselves. The real difficulties are the choice of the right man for manager and the willingness to obey his orders when he is appointed. Over and over

again in the history of the co-operative movement, especially in the history of societies for co-operative production, are failure and ruin recorded because jobbery and craft put the wrong man into authority, or because indolence and slackness on the workman's side set the authority at naught. Discipline in a self-governing co-operative society is as essential to the well-being of that society as it is in a self-governing State. There is no magic in co-operation to charm the heart from self-interest or curb the pride of the self-important. Suspicion too often attends the solitude of country life, so that of all occupations agriculture, in its numerous branches, has been the least served by co-operation. Yet, how can any country be saved from the rule of the capitalist, from the bureaucratic control of the Government inspector, from the tyranny of Communism, unless its inhabitants combine and co-operate, agreeing to share the common toil and enjoy the common fruits?

Surely in a Catholic land, where men and women kneel together at the Mass and feed on the Bread of Life at a common altar, it should be possible to uproot the dark suspicions that hinder the working of good-will, that set household against household and family against family in the things that pertain to our earthly prosperity. Not by any means do all of us wish to give orders or hold positions of high authority. And not by any means are those who are self-persuaded they are called to rule and are alone fit to take responsibility correctly persuaded. As somehow we generally manage to choose the right men for our athletic committees, and pick the teams, without fear and favour, so therefore it would seem there is no irremovable obstacle to the right choice of governing directors of a co-operative society. Reasonable safeguards against defaulting officials must be taken because none of us has the right to place temptation in the way of his neighbour. No co-operative society can flourish unless its laws lay down quite definitely, as the laws of every limited liability company declare, the function and purpose of its activity. And no co-operative society will flourish if it allows its object, which is social and economic betterment, to be forgotten and follows after the pursuit of riches. The medieval guilds declined because, becoming too wealthy, they tended to exclude the poorer members of the trades.

Co-operative societies at the best are human. Failure may overtake them through bad management and the disloyalty of members. Failure may also overtake them through too great success. In fact, unless co-operation is inspired by a zeal for justice and the love of one's neighbour, it can easily degenerate into a commercial project, no better and no worse than other commercial undertakings. Given the zeal for justice and the love of one's neighbour then the co-operative movement, by joining together the men and women of goodwill and natural ability (and such men and women exist in every land), can supersede the capitalist and promise a healthy alternative to dictatorships of the State, whether Communist or otherwise.

—JOSEPH CLAYTON, in *The Irish Rosary* (Dublin), March, 1935.

Recent Events

Sister Paulina, Visitandine Poet

At the venerable age of ninety-two, Sister Mary Paulina Finn, of the Georgetown Visitation Convent in Washington, D. C., died at the end of February. For one who had spent sixty-seven years of her long life in a cloistered convent Sister Paulina was widely known first through her work in the classroom for over half a century as head of the English department in this old and famous Visitation Academy, and then through her writings, her poems, her essays, her letters. When writing for publication, she used the pen name, M. S. Pine.

Sister Paulina was born in Boston and soon after the Civil War she entered the Visitation Convent in Washington. She is credited with having assisted Agnes Repplier embark on her literary career. Among her published writings are *Sacred Poems, Alma Mater and Other Dramas, John Banister Tabb: the Priest-Poet, Venerable John Bosco: Apostle of Youth,* and *A Glory of Maryland.* One of Sister Paulina's nephews is the Rev. William J. Finn, C.S.P., director of the Paulist Choristers, and he offered the Mass of Requiem in the Convent Chapel.

Appointments and Changes in American Hierarchy

The youngest bishop in the country was consecrated on the Feast of St. Matthias in February when the Most Rev. Raymond A. Kearney became Auxiliary to Bishop Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a huge diocese from the point of view of population and embraces all of Long Island. The new Bishop is only thirty-two years of age and was ordained only eight years ago, but he is fully equipped for his office and its responsibilities. He made his theological course in Rome where he was ordained, and then studied Canon Law at the Catholic University in Washington. Since 1930 he has been Chancellor of the Brooklyn diocese. Bishop Molloy, the consecrating prelate, was assisted by the Most Rev. Moses E. Kiley, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., and the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, and the sermon was preached by the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University.

Early in March the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, announced his retirement from the Archdiocese which he has so ably governed since 1915. Three years ago, at his request, the Most Rev. John J. Mitty was named Coadjutor Archbishop and he will, therefore, now become the Ordinary. Archbishop Hanna will be seventy-five years of age in July and he gave his advanced age as the reason for his resignation. His Excellency has also resigned as Episcopal Chairman of the Administrative Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Last month, also, news came from Rome of the promotion of the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Bishop of Omaha, Neb., to the Archepiscopal See of New Orleans, La., vacant since

the death of Archbishop Shaw last November. It is nearly seven years since the Archbishop-elect left New York where he had been a pastor for many years, to take over the government of the Diocese of Omaha. His many friends among the clergy and laity of New York rejoice that this new honor and distinction have come to him. Bishop Rummel honored the parish of his childhood in New York in November of 1933, when he celebrated Pontifical Mass in the presence of Cardinal Hayes, and preached for the diamond jubilee of St. Boniface's Church, one of the oldest German-English parishes in the city.

In the same news dispatch it was made known that the Very Rev. Msgr. William R. Griffin, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Chicago, had been designated Auxiliary to Bishop Alexander J. McGavick of La Crosse, Wis., with the title of Bishop of Lidda in Palestine. The Diocese of La Crosse comprises twenty-two counties in the western part of the State of Wisconsin.

Arrest of Archbishop Diaz, Primate of Mexico

In the early part of last month, Archbishop Diaz, accompanied by four priests, drove in a car with a chauffeur to the little village of La Visitacion on the outskirts of the capital but within the State of Mexico. He administered Confirmation to a class of children. On the return trip to the city the car was stopped by the police and the Archbishop was made to transfer to a police car and was driven to headquarters. The whole party was held over-night and they were not allowed to communicate with anyone. Rumors had free rein, therefore, throughout the city when the Archbishop did not return to his residence after the Confirmation ceremony. The police would give no information. The next afternoon the Archbishop was taken from jail to the Ministry of the Interior and told he could leave if he would promise to pay a fine of 100 pesos at his convenience.

The following day Archbishop Diaz wrote a letter of protest to President Cardenas for his arrest and detention of about twenty-one hours. He had been accused of breaking the laws by changing to his religious robes, with his companions, before they arrived at the church, and for having taken fees from the children for the Confirmation. In his letter to the President the Archbishop denied both charges. He complained justly that his rights as a citizen had been violated; the arrest had all the characteristics of a kidnaping, he said, and in the jail they were not given the most indispensable necessities, which are provided to criminals all over the world.

The Monday following these events the *New York Times* carried a splendid editorial comment. After referring to the silence and the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the Archbishop, the editorial goes on to say: "But presently it appeared that he had been detained in confinement by the civil authorities, on the heinous charge that he had conducted a religious service outside of the Federal District. There may be a law describing this as a misdemeanor, or what not, but if so, it is an example of a wholly indefensible attack of the civil power upon the freedom of religion. No act of sedition was charged against the Archbishop. The old allegation that he and his Church were enemies

of the Mexican Republic had not been pressed for some time. But on a flimsy pretense that he was endangering public order, he was arrested merely for having complied with the religious duties of his office. The excuses were made puerile. The motives advanced cannot be sincere. The whole proceeding tends to bear out the belief that the men now in control of the Mexican Government are not solely fighting the Catholic Church but have it in their purpose to break down and destroy in one way or another all religious freedom —certainly all religious teaching."

Earlier in the month it had been reported in the same paper that Bishop Manuel Palomar had died suddenly at Guadalajara City where he had been living exiled from his own diocese because of the local laws in his State of Nayarit limiting the number of clergy. And a statement was carried by Archbishop José M. Gonzalez of the State of Durango in which he maintained that in his Archdiocese the most elemental rights of citizens had been violated, their homes invaded and their personal property destroyed. Almost all the churches had been closed, he said, and nearly all his priests had spent some time in prison, and many of them had been expelled from the State.

In spite of these facts our Government at Washington sees no grounds for speaking a diplomatic word of protest or remonstrance. Still stranger is the attitude expressed by councils of two Protestant groups that met in New York in February and March. First, a national council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in a two-day session here in the middle of February, went on record as follows: "We have not joined in any protest [on Mexico]. We deem it wise to study the situation more thoroughly, being not yet convinced that there is an actual persecution by the government on religious grounds." The executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches in America was also not convinced when they met at the beginning of March. "In the absence of sufficient authentic and unbiased information," their resolutions read, "we do not undertake at this time to pass judgment on various aspects of the controversy between the Mexican Government and the Church."

On the other hand, several religious journals of various non-Catholic religious bodies have boldly condemned the Mexican Government for its ruthless persecution of religion. The Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, in a public statement calling for a Congressional investigation of conditions in Mexico listed *The Christian Century* (Congregationalist), *The Living Church* (Episcopalian), *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The American Hebrew*, as well as Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist publications, as having given testimony to the truth of the situation beyond the Rio Grande.

Mobilization for Catholic Action

Sunday, March 10th, was designated as the beginning of a widespread campaign throughout the United States and Canada of the Knights of Columbus Mobilization for Catholic Action. The movement received the highest approbation of the Church and the enthusiastic support of officials of other organizations such as the American Red Cross, the Boys' Club of America, and the Community Chests and

Councils, Inc., all of them recognizing the splendid work accomplished by the Knights of Columbus in the past and wishing for them renewed success in the future.

His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, in a letter to Martin H. Carmody, supreme knight of the organization, said that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. had not hesitated to refer to the Knights as "the standard-bearers of Catholic Action," and the Cardinal pointed out that this should serve as a glorious inspiration to all the members of the Knights of Columbus and to all Catholic laymen throughout the country. This papal approbation was contained in a letter from Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of State to His Holiness, to Mr. Carmody, in which appeared the following paragraph:

"It is my earnest hope and fervent prayer that this laudable endeavor to enroll the Catholic manhood of North America in the ranks of the Knights of Columbus may be a brilliant success so that by a greatly enlarged but carefully selected membership you may be enabled, in devoted coöperation with the hierarchy, to address yourselves with increased personnel and adequate resources to the practical solution of those problems of social and civil life which put to such severe tests the souls of Catholics to-day."

William P. Larkin is the international chairman for the campaign, and committees have been set up in every State and in every Canadian province, with the two countries divided into twenty-six areas. The two objectives of the campaign are to arouse the present membership of Knights of Columbus to greater zeal for Catholic Action, and to increase the membership by at least 50,000 men.

Papal Honor for Dr. Peter Guilday

On the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, Patron of the School of Sacred Sciences at the Catholic University, the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, the University's distinguished professor of Church History, was solemnly invested as a Domestic Prelate with the title of Right Rev. Monsignor at a Solemn Mass during which the Right Rev. George P. Johnson, rector of the Cathedral of Portland, Maine, delivered the sermon. The rector of the University, the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, D.D., officiated.

Msgr. Guilday has been associated with the history department for many years and has made many valuable contributions to the library of Church history studies, especially on the history of the Church in this country. He is the author of a *History of the Councils of Baltimore, The Church in Virginia, The Life of Bishop England,* and *The Life and Times of John Carroll.* He has, besides, written *An Introduction to Church History, Church Historians, English Catholic Refugees, John Gilmary Shea,* and a devotional book for Good Friday, *The Three Hours' Agony.*

The Catholic World extends sincere congratulations to Msgr. Guilday, whom it numbers among its valued contributors.

Our Contributors

WE earnestly recommend the slow and thoughtful perusal of PAUL KINIERY'S "Catholics and the New Deal" as a seasonable and salutary exercise in self-examination. Dr. Kiniery, member of the Department of History of Loyola University, Chicago, and assistant Dean of the Graduate School, gave us his first contribution last January. He writes now in the hope of awakening Catholics to an appreciation of "the seriousness of rapidly changing conditions in this nation which they have done so much to construct."

HAVING returned in June to Provincetown, BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN seems unable to tear herself away from that delectable spot. It is in the Old World still, however, that she seeks her inspiration, and "Riders of the Night" carries us back to the cloak-and-sword romance of bygone days in France. Our readers know Miss Brown as a gifted poet as well as an adept in the short story.

REV. JOHN K. RYAN, M.A. ("Defeatist as Poet"), a new contributor, is a member of the faculty of the Catholic University of America, teaching in the Department of Philosophy. Educated here and abroad, he has written for *The Commonweal, The Placidian, Columbia, The New Scholasticism*, etc., chiefly on philosophical and literary subjects.

FROM the rich experience of a life that has spanned the changing years, CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON writes "In Kindergarten America." He is well known in our pages as the author of discriminating literary criticism as well as of thought provoking articles. Dr. Thompson at present makes his home in Scarsdale, N. Y.

FROM the promise of "Synge Stays at Home by the Fireside" it would seem that ANTHONY S. WOODS will have the part in the Catholic cultural emergence to which he aspires. A graduate of St. Francis Xavier's in this city, he won his B.A. *cum laude* from Holy Cross College in 1933 and in February last entered the Jesuit novitiate at Poughkeepsie. Mr. Woods served his literary apprenticeship as Editor-in-Chief of the Holy Cross *Purple* and has written literary criticism for *America*. This is his first published article, but we feel quite certain that it will not be his last.

A SECOND newcomer this month, A. CARL PYNE, must have a knapsack full of such tales as he tells in "A Texas Shrine." Born in Inverness, Scotland, of American parentage, he studied engineering at the University of Edinburgh, received his B.A. in 1900, has since gone around the world three times, and in the course of his journeys came upon the interesting old mission about which he writes. Much of his data came from Church archives in Zacatecas and Mexico City, other data from manuscripts in the National Library and Museum at Mexico City, examined while Mr. Pyne was studying at the University of Mexico, whence he has a degree in Spanish Language and Literature. He is a con-

tributor to scientific publications and also of popular historical articles to various newspapers, and is a member of the De Witt-De Leon Historical Society.

ONE meets KATHERINE BURTON'S name frequently these days in our magazines and newspapers, sometimes affixed to a poem, sometimes to a story of Biblical inspiration like the present, "The Leper Who Sought His Lord," and again at the head of her "Woman to Woman" page in *The Sign*, our esteemed contemporary. Mrs. Burton preceded her friend Dr. Selden P. Delany into the Church. Born in Cleveland, she has been a New Yorker for the past twenty years.

WE have no doubt that W. F. P. STOCKLEY'S "Reminiscences of John Boyle O'Reilly" brought to a close in this number and so evidently a labor of love, has done much to explain the fascination its subject had for those who knew him. Dr. Stockley is at home again in Tivoli, County Cork, after a lecture tour in England.

KNOWN to Catholic readers for her interest in art and the drama, CECILIA MARY YOUNG is at present busy building up the Garvey Central Bookshop in Chicago, which she hopes to develop into a Catholic Cultural Center. She brings to her task exceptional qualifications both in background and initiative and we wish her great success. Miss Young is a contributor to many Catholic magazines. She gleaned the substance of "The Passage of a Pope" from old documents lent by Countess Feri of Rome, under whose ancestral roof at Pesaro Pius VII. lodged. Hers is a timely article in view of the prominence given to the newly discovered letters of Napoleon to Marie Louise.

IT is not strange that at this season of the year our poets should seem to have a special inspiration. SISTER M. PIERRE BOUCHER ("At the Easter Mass") is on the faculty of the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn., conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis of the Congregation of Our Lady of Lourdes, and is well known in the literary world; SISTER MIRIAM ("His Last on Earth") of the Sisters of Mercy, Head of the English Department of College of Misericordia, Dallas, Pa., has given us keenly discriminating articles as well as lovely lyrics; JANET REILLY ("Poor Trembling Dove") comes to us for the first time sponsored by Sister Miriam whose pupil she is in her senior year at College Misericordia, where she is president of the Theodore Maynard Unit of the Catholic Poetry Society of America; MOTHER MARY CAMPION of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus wrote "Spring in Rome" last year while at the Convent of her Society in the Eternal City. She returned in September and is now on the faculty of the Holy Child College at Rosemont. She is also well known in our pages.

New Books

The Sceptical Approach to Religion. By Paul Elmer More.—John Ruskin. By R. H. Wilenski.—In Search of Mozart. By Henri Ghéon. Translated by Alexander Dru.—The Platonic Legend. By Warner Fite.—India, Minto and Morley, 1905-1910. By Mary, Countess of Minto.—Francis the First. By Francis Hackett.—Negro Americans, What Now? By James Weldon Johnson.—Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration. By Otto Klineberg.—Shorter Notices.

The Sceptical Approach to Religion. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

In these essays, largely a grouping together of ideas scattered through the various volumes of *The Greek Tradition*, the author proposes to show that a proper use of reason gives more support to religion than to rationalism. In other words, they form an argument *ad hominem*, addressed to the skeptic, and an argument, let it be said, of considerable weight, very welcome to the apologist.

The author begins with provisional acceptance of the skeptical principle that knowledge is limited to what we acquire directly without the intervention of inference. Now a universal element of consciousness is the intuition of right and wrong, implying freedom, responsibility and purpose; whereas, on the other hand, observation of the external world reveals facts which seem to imply the absence of freedom, responsibility and purpose. We have here then, a sort of paradox and men, facing it, fall into two groups (excluding from consideration the few who hold their judgment in suspense). One group, accepting the data of consciousness, builds up a system of faith; the other group, accepting the data of observation, builds up a system of rationalism.

It is with this situation that the author undertakes to deal. He begins by drawing attention to the fact that the religious man has a logical advantage over the rationalist who, holding the intuition of freedom to be pure illusion, nevertheless in his conduct implies this intuition to be true. In other words, his behavior implies the truth of the principles which lead to faith and not of those which lead to rationalism.

Commenting upon Professor John Dewey's statement that the inference of faith is "a wishful belief," a "defence attitude," Professor More meets the challenger on his own ground by protesting against the use of a double standard. "You tell me that my faith is a mere refuge from the known facts." So also, he says equivalently, is your optimism; and he develops his argument as follows: " . . . if, that is, you present the truth of life as simply this, . . . that I am only a sudden and momentary emergence into a world which pursues its ruthless course with grand indifference to what my de-

sires may be, and with nothing at its heart which corresponds to my sense of personal freedom and responsibility, . . . if this is the fact you would beg me to face, yet would insist that there is nothing to disquiet or discomfort me, . . . then I would retort with the charge that your optimism is less logical than my faith. . . . And in this the judgement of mankind is with me, and it is you that stand in abitrary isolation. Not here and now only, but always and everywhere, when men begin to reflect, their reaction towards a world seen without God and without purpose is dark with despair and bitter with resentment."

Another charge of double-dealing is based upon the rationalist's tendency to slip, when hard pressed, out of the infidel's stand into the agnostic's position of suspended judgment. "Indifference to faith, equally with dogmatic denial of faith, is pragmatically a rejection of the demands of religion. . . . There are not three parties to our dispute, but only two: to the honorable mind it must be either acceptance or non-acceptance of the inference of faith, with loyalty to the consequences of one or the other choice."

Against the skeptic who regards theism and determinism as equally undemonstrable, the author argues that the inference from consciousness which supports faith is at least as reasonable as the inference which supports unbelief. He might well have insisted also that the data of consciousness are more immediate and therefore more solid than the data of observation.

There is also this fact to consider, says Professor More, that one who makes the venture of faith and practices religion with courage and humility, becomes more and more convinced that faith is the response to something real; and the very universality of this phenomenon should give the skeptic pause. There are mysteries and riddles left unsolved to be sure, "But to argue from this difficulty that no intimation of objective truth corresponds to the searching of faith from within, to brush aside the whole vast religious experience of the race as an illusion without foundation and a self-deception without warrant, . . . that, I maintain, is a tax upon credulity beyond the demands of faith. Dogmatic infidelity of that stamp a genuine sceptic must find it hard to accept."

From the above, it is plain that the introductory part of Professor More's book contains some good material for the defense of the faith. When the author gets well into his chosen field of Greek philosophy, however, his contributions are of less value. Often his meaning is obscure, often he comes back to his favorite thesis that Christianity is merely the highest expression of the doctrines of Plato. Yet, here and there, he gives us passages of real beauty which, taken at their face value, leave nothing to be desired as statements of truth.

One lays down the book with a sense of disappointment that the author has been able to extract comparatively little from those data of consciousness so rich and life-giving in the inferences they suggested to Newman. A reader unfamiliar with the general line of Professor More's thought might wonder why he takes no further steps toward the acceptance of integral Catholic teaching. The explanation is that his philosophy is vitally deficient. He has himself affirmed his inability to distinguish between faith and desire.

And, even though we look with sympathy on his pursuit of truth through a speculative labyrinth, we cannot help noting how often he is too self-reliant, too rashly individual, too sure of his own intellectual acumen. After all, even "before Agamemnon" the faith had champions. And Professor More's best friends may well feel uncomfortable when he speaks superciliously of Christian theology and of the Catholic Church, as he sometimes does.

The essential defect of Professor More's whole religious scheme is that he does not believe in a real God. He reveals this when, as in the March issue of the *American Review*, he presents his idea of the Supreme Being—a non-absolute and conditioned deity, struggling against opposing forces with only partial success. But this is not God at all. To be not infinite is surely to be finite. Professor More seems to base his bold denial of the Infinite-Absolute on the fact that evil is present in the world. But is he certain that the Infinite-Absolute could not create a universe which would include the possibility of evil? Is he certain that he himself has an adequate idea of the Infinite and that he comprehends the Absolute? And, if not, how can he be so sure that there exists no such Being as the God of Catholic Faith? How can he be so confident that Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas and Friedrich von Hügel are totally wrong and that he himself is totally right? J. McS.

John Ruskin. By R. H. Wilenski. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.00.

Ruskin has not been fortunate in his biographers. Collingwood wrote from intimate knowledge but is silent on Ruskin's marriage and its (for Ruskin) unhappy outcome; Cooke's monumental life not only leaves this same matter untouched but, though a gold mine of facts, is hopelessly dull; Mrs. Williams', while untroubled by the reticence of Collingwood and Cooke, fails to penetrate very far beyond the surface; and David Larg's brief biography, while brilliant, is spoiled by a lack of sympathy and a sophomoric smartness. Now comes Mr. Wilenski, fortified with the scientific point of view and an arsenal of facts. His approach is less that of the biographer than of the student; for by endless patience and meticulous study he has collected data concerning Ruskin as a psychological and psychiatric problem which he offers to any future biographer who may wish to use them.

As his primary interest is in art, Mr. Wilenski makes no claim to be a trained psychiatrist but he presents a mass of data which may well challenge the attention of a professional in that difficult field. It is almost a commonplace among students of Ruskin that his sheltered upbringing and the domination of his parents, especially of his mother, serve to explain many, if not all, his vagaries. Mr. Wilenski accepts those conclusions but considers them the beginning not the end of his investigations. He goes further and deeper and finds Ruskin the victim of "manic depression" which alternated with periods of exaltation. The pendulum swung in constantly widening arcs until Ruskin suffered a mental upset so severe that it may be reasonably characterized as a period of insanity. His mind righted itself but in time toppled again. Mr. Wilenski records five such collapses in all during each

of which, he insists, Ruskin was definitely insane. In 1889, when he was seventy years old, his mind went into final eclipse, lighted, however, by occasional lucid intervals.

The latter half of the book is devoted to a consideration of Ruskin in his two most important rôles, as art critic and as social and political economist, concluding with chapters on his attitude toward war and religion. Mr. Wilenski proves almost too much and when the reader lays his book aside it is with a fresh desire that Ruskin, a genius despite his weaknesses and disasters, may soon be made the subject of that rarest of things, a great biography.

J. J. R.

In Search of Mozart. By Henri Ghéon. Translated by Alexander Dru. New York: Sheed & Ward. $4.00.

In his prologue M. Ghéon protests: "I am confessing to a passion. The book I am devoting to you is without excuse, for it has only one: love." The reader of this fine work will have his own protest to make over the author's modesty. The passion for Mozart, though at times expressed in rhapsodic meditation, has been realized here in a coherent chronological narrative, in a musical interpretation of rare subtlety and discernment. One can suggest no better therapeutic for certain musical aberrations and brutalities than a prolonged exposure to Mozart's incomparable art with its austere loveliness, its miraculous flow of natural melody, its perfect fusion of form and content.

M. Ghéon refuses to serve two masters. In effect he casts out romanticism, its exaltation of suffering, its exploitation of the *ego*, to bow before Mozart, the incarnation of the classic ideal. He traces to early French influence the Mozartian serenity, the golden mean that balances between joy and pain. "Neither happy nor unhappy" once wrote Mozart of himself to his father. And in maturity he pronounced this judgment: "Even in the most terrible situations music should charm, and remain music." Not the least interesting part of this book deals with the child Mozart and with the child in Mozart, persisting in the widely traveled, experienced man. The author has stimulating views on the relation between pantheism and the music of Bach and Wagner, and on the æsthetic conscience of the artist.

Mozart was "impregnated with God," to quote the author. The germs of Freemasonry in the air failed to destroy his Catholic belief. The genius that wrought the drolleries of *Figaro*, the fantasies of the *Magic Flute*, could breathe the ineffable adoration of the *Ave Verum*, and, a dying man, in deep poverty, could set the Mass for the Dead to immortal music. As a young man Mozart had written: "Death is our best friend, unlocking the gates of true bliss."

The book is beautifully illustrated with scenes and portraits and musical quotations. The translation is clear and flowing.

M. C. M.

The Platonic Legend. By Warner Fite. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Professor Fite is not concerned with giving a complete account of Plato, his works, and his influence on human thought. He aims to hurl a defiant and deliberate challenge against the very common evaluation of Plato as "the great idealist, preacher of the inner life of the

spirit" (Inge), "the consummate artist" (Taylor), "the final embodiment of clear thinking, austere virtue, sound common sense, and sure insight into human nature" (Shorey and More).

The author prescinding from Plato's contributions to philosophy preoccupies himself with analyzing the latter's faulty psychology, his unsound views in the political and economic fields, his shabby morals, and his lack of literary artistry. Plato's understanding of human nature is judged to have been superficial and childish. His concept of morality is seen to have been dependent upon a mere controlling of the appetites and the moderation of every desire, because "success" in any sense is incompatible with dissipation. In reading the *Symposium* Professor Fite feels tempted to suggest to Plato that instead of sending Socrates to Agathon's dinner party, he might have tried St. Paul. Plato's crudity of moral ideals, we are told, unfitted him to delineate for us the features of his admired teacher and to give us anything better than a confused and unintelligible portrait with half the face painted as that of an inspired prophet and mystic and the other half as that of a super-skeptical and more than easy going worldling and pederast.

The charges here so mercilessly pressed and ably substantiated from Plato's own writings are not entirely new. At a very early date, when it turned its back upon his doctrines and followed Aristotle, the world-at-large knew that Plato was no true guide. But the "genius" of Plato and his power to please, charm, and stimulate thought have been recognized and acknowledged by mankind ever since; and his writings—even though they are known to contain many inconsistencies and uncertainties—will continue to elicit and to win the interest and appreciation of a host of admirers.

T. C. P.

India, Minto and Morley, 1905-1910. By Mary, Countess of Minto. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50.

"Imagine sending to succeed me a gentleman who only jumps hedges," remarked Lord Curzon with lofty contempt, when he heard of his successor's appointment. Lord Minto's career, however, proved that he could jump not only hedges in the hunting field but also obstacles in the political field, obstacles incidentally over which Lord Curzon had come a cropper.

Ever since Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858 the political spectacle in India has been that of a Western Democracy seeking to extend representative institutions to an Eastern Empire. The success of any statesman must therefore be judged by the progress he has made towards that goal. We can now judge Lord Minto's career, as described in the present volume, more definitely in relation to that goal owing to the proposed establishment of an all-Indian Federation with the Indian States as voluntary partners in place of the present centralized government. It was he who largely paved the way for this great constitutional experiment, and the bill now before Parliament amply justifies the policy he did so much to initiate.

Himself a confirmed Liberal, he was fortunate to have in Lord Morley an intimate friend and fellow-Liberal as Secretary of State in Whitehall. To that happy coincidence we owe the Morley-Minto reforms, but even so their passage was

no easy matter, as this book shows, and many of them might never have been carried had it not been for the Viceroy's determination. Quietly, perseveringly he continued his work, indifferent to criticism or abuse from whatever quarter it came. Realizing from the nature of the task that progress would essentially be slow, he was also undeterred by those formidable forces imbedded in centuries of Indian religious and social tradition.

Lady Minto combines in an attractive manner the personal narrative of her life in India with the public life of the Viceroy. The result is a most entertaining and amusing book. But historically it is an important book too, as it publishes much new material of primary value. Five years is admittedly a short time in the history of India, but the years 1905-1910 were unusually full, delicate, critical, and fraught with far-reaching political consequences.

The book has a well-compiled index, several photographic illustrations, and a color map of India which considerably elucidates the text. R. F. W.

Francis the First. First Gentleman of France. By Francis Hackett. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $3.00.

Francis I., King of France (1515-1547) was an absolutist who ruled parliament and the nobles of France with an iron hand; a lascivious prince who destroyed the virtue of scores of women, married and unmarried; a ruler who impoverished his country by squandering millions on his futile wars and his favorites; a blundering, foolhardy if brave soldier unable to cope with his more able rival, Charles V.; a man dominated his lifelong by two women, his mother Louise of Savoy, and his sister Marguerite; a mighty hunter, a good tennis player, and—his one title of respect—a sincere lover of art and letters.

Historians in many a volume have told us all the facts of his long reign of thirty-two years; they have etched for us time and time again portraits of the King, his relatives, his friends, his enemies, his mistresses. Why then waste five years to produce this so-called "brilliant" biography? Is it perhaps that the history of a prince of the Renaissance enables Mr. Hackett to let loose upon the world all his anti-clerical phobias, and to sweeten the unsavory mess with an abundant dose of the amours of this pleasure loving prince.

We are told among other things that are not so that Luther "demanded the spiritual guidance that was denied him by Medicean Rome"; that Rabelais revealed to the world "a faith in science, a faith in mankind, and a belief in the inalienable rights of man"; that "Berquin sought the meaning of life within religion" only to be despoiled of his right to live by the theological faculty of Paris; that Francis's greatest frivolity was not his noble band of ladies but his orthodoxy, etc. But you will tell me that Hackett's style is masterful and brilliant. Let me give a sample of the author's flamboyant window dressing. He is speaking of the King's sister: "As the reign advanced, her spirit soared into the mystical experience which is as loyal to its own abstraction as Rabelais to concrete instinct. Hers seemed a contrary course to everything about her, as if the moon were sailing through a sky against a streaming pack of clouds. And as the cloud-floes swept over Marguerite, heavy with disillusion, she ever and again

emerged in clearer spaces, the heavens in festival and this moon a queen. Her light had an amber warmth, brilliant with its own humble audacity, flushing even the obliterating clouds." And so on and so on. Brilliant indeed like the sparks of a rocket on the Fourth of July,—but is this history?

I suppose Mr. Hackett could not resist the temptation of letting us know he had read the *Heptameron*, for he incorporates some of its nastiness in his pages. That possibly may make this book a best seller. Nothing else will.

B. L. C.

Negro Americans, What Now? By James Weldon Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. $1.25. Paper, 75 cents.

Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration. By Otto Klineberg. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.25.

White and colored leaders are bending every effort towards *a rapprochement* of their respective races with some semblance of Christian justice. Because of his diverse opportunities and his versatile talents, perhaps no opinion in the matter is worth more than that of James Weldon Johnson, noted Negro leader, writer and teacher. In this little book of 103 pages he considers the gates through which our 12,000,000 citizens of color might find egress from the walled city of American prejudice. Exodus, physical force, revolution, isolation or integration are discussed sanely. Of the allurements of Communism he writes, "It appears to me that this infinite faith in Communism indicates extreme *naiveté*." To him Communism would be simply a change in the form of government, and since American Communists would be the same white people, the Negro would have the same status. He evaluates the forces and resources of the Negro, techniques and policies; but suggests no quick or novel cure-all, for there is none. He has been criticized by some Negro reviews because of his admiration for the organization of the Catholic Church and the "intelligence, zeal and singleness of purpose of her clergy"—both of which he proposes to the Negro Church for models. This gives an indication of the opportunity of the Catholic Church—so many Negro leaders admire her—and the shame of Catholics—so many Negroes are scandalized at our un-Catholic inconsistency in practice. No one interested in the Negro should leave this book unread.

To those who take their mental tests seriously *Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration* will be interesting; to those interested in the Negro it will be enlightening. Aside from the usual limitations of mental tests, because all factors cannot be controlled, this study, prepared under the auspices of the Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences, is valuable in that it compares the measured intelligence of southern Negroes with that of northern Negroes who migrated from the South. It has been observed that after a few years in the North, children of Negro migrants approach perilously near the average for white intelligence. The question is asked whether this indicates a selective migration or some condition in the North which allows a better development of the intelligence of a Negro child. Comparisons and tests are made, upon which is based the conclusion that, "As far as intelligence goes, the material reported in

this study gives evidence to the effect that the Negro who leaves the South for the North is not on the average superior to the Negro who remains behind, and that the present superiority of the northern over the southern Negro may be explained by the more favorable environment, rather than by selective migration," —a strong argument that, given the opportunity, the Negro is just as intelligent and capable as the white man. It also indicates an important difference in the conditions which confront a Catholic missioner laboring among the Negroes in the South as against those of the North, a point often overlooked. J. T. G.

SHORTER NOTICES

LITERATURE AND FICTION: **Gesture Before Farewell.** By Charles J. Quirk, S.J. (New York: The Dial Press. $2.00). Father Quirk begins the second section of his collection of verse with a short lyric called "A Brief for Minor Poets." What he says there may well be taken as a plea for his own songs.

Thank God, for simple birds that sing,
And for the simple songs they bring.
Though they can never hope to scale
Those heights where hymns the nightingale,
Still their sweet songs seem counterpart
Of those unsung within our heart.

Simplicity is a worth while aim in poetry, and Father Quirk has attained it in many of his poems. If you like a whimsical tenderness combined with a stalwart Catholicity, expressed in lilting verse, here you have it.

The Works of William Shakespeare. (New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00). This one-volume Shakespeare printed under the direction of the Shakespeare Head Press, leaves nothing to be desired. The text, that prepared by the distinguished Elizabethan scholar, Arthur Henry Bullen, is in clear, legible type; the plays are arranged in the order of their composition, not gathered into Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, thus revealing the evolution of the poet's genius; and for greater clearness, the character's names are set above their speeches. Easy to handle and not too bulky, the whole makes a most treasurable volume.

Loaves and Fishes. By Elaine Myers (New York: Rae D. Henkle. $2.50). Of all the fiction set in the North Atlantic States with which the booksellers' shelves have been largely stocked during this past year, none has a clearer, more direct sense of place than this. By her title Miss Myers calls attention to the two staples of existence among the Maine fisherfolk of her story, but her book is an exemplar of the fact that man does not live by bread alone. As befits a first novel, it is a book of ideals unconquered by the obstacles along life's way. Miss Myers' is the love of man and wife for each other and for the children they beget. Her scenic creations are poems in pastel, and the first two books are replete with a rare and lovely lyric quality. The third book, a development of "The Song of the Shirt," in character and feeling, is almost unbearably poignant; and the fourth, weakest and last, is concerned mostly with gathering up the usual difficult loose ends. The whole is a little too long

drawn out. Miss Myers is a newcomer of whom great expectations are in order.

The World Went Mad. By John Brophy (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). John Brophy's new novel seems like a survival of the period when almost everybody was giving us pictures both of the fighting front and of contemporary civilian behavior. He has a good dramatic sense and writes with vigor, but unfortunately introduces too many scenes which make the book unfit for general perusal.

Her Soul to Keep. By Ethel Cook Eliot (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). Surely Mrs. Eliot has lately fallen heir to a pair of Seven-League Boots, so marked an advance has she made between producing that sweet girlish volume *Green Doors* and this mature and penetrating study with its insufficient title. She now emerges as a Catholic novelist who demands attention. The central character of this book, Lucia Rue, is an admirable example of Catholic womanhood, intelligent, informed, charitable, mystical, sensible and courageous. She is satisfactory in her relationships as wife, mother, friend, counselor. A young girl, whose care she has assumed and for whom she develops a maternal affection, is carried away by a sudden storm of temptation and becomes that focus of small-town interest "an unmarried mother." Lucia's capable handling of this situation with its many facets, her firm hold on spiritual principles, her quick discrimination between sin and sinners, make her a character to be cherished. The girl Jane, Patrick whom she l o v e s, Professor Paul Jarrett the errant Catholic, the dying Isobel, the two lively children Mary and Ursula, and the typical group of suburban female intelligentsia, are all real people involved in an interesting problem.

Road of Ages. By Robert Nathan (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50). This is understandingly a Book of the Month Club choice. It is a novel in chiarascuro; it sweeps over endless roads through Austria, Poland, Russia into Asia; it half conceals, half illumines great masses of people, vast hordes of them, darkly moving in slow and painful rhythm on foot, on motorcycle, in limousines, in covered wagons,—the Jews seeking refuge from an unfriendly world, seeking rest and security, seeking harmony and the union of Israel. Mr. Nathan, with consummate art gives us a book full of strange scenes, of restlessness and serenity, with passages of sheer loveliness, with many a touch of keen sly humor and many a note of pathos. Unforgettable characters appear against this background, and there is a pure poetic love theme, but the reader's most lasting impression will be of a racial symphony, rich and beautiful.

Come and Get It. By Edna Ferber (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50). The glamorous Edna Ferber adds to her collection of regional novels this story of Wisconsin lumber camps and the effects they produced. The first portion—much the best—deals with the camps and the men who made them and were made by them. They are described amazingly, brilliantly by the Edna Ferber who spellbound us in *Showboat*. Absorbingly, she creates a perfect atmosphere of woods, camps, lumbermen, camptown, promoters, pulp industry, mills and county seat, rough, boisterous, primal; and a perfect focus for the whole, Barney Glasgow, cookee,

chore boy, super jack, cruiser, millionaire — "Gusto" to the world at large. He is one of her most successful creations, and it is only natural that when, midway in the book, he is blown to eternity, the zest is thereafter gone. Somehow, clever as is the construction of Lotta, the golden goddess who tinkles like brass, one is never sufficiently aroused to care about her adventures or reactions. It is a story of people, primitive in instinct, who snatched at what they desired much as the lumberjack rushed for food at the cook's call, "Come and get it."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: **Sant' Angela of the Ursulines.** By Mother Francis d'Assisi, O.S.U. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $1.50). This humanistic life of Angela Merici proves to be a departure from the ordinary pious biography. Although written by one of the Saint's own daughters in religion it is not only detached in its viewpoint but also is possessed of all of the qualities of a well written novel. In answer to those who may object to "fictionized biography" the author points out in her preface that she has not departed either from the facts in the life or from the spirit of the teachings of the Saint. Her choice of this *genre* has made possible the presentation in colorful rhythmic prose of much otherwise prosaic matter, the fruit of her thorough and painstaking research. Although fundamentally the story of Angela Merici herself, it is in addition, a panoramic history of the Order which she founded at Brescia, Italy in 1535, and as such is a significant contribution for the four hundredth anniversary of the Ursulines being commemorated during the present year. Mother d'Assisi, already well known for her mystical poetry, has given us a soul inspiring and authentic record of a great and human personality.

American Jesuits. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). No Order in the Church has been so calumniated by prejudiced non-Catholics, no Order has been so persecuted by anti-clerical governments as the Jesuits. Even the dictionary testifies to the lasting character of anti-Catholic bigotry, defining Jesuitical as "crafty, artful and deceitful." A proof indeed this of their loyalty to Christ, Who prophesied "You shall be hated by all men for my sake" (Matt. x. 22). We recommend our non-Catholic friends to study carefully this splendid record of the Jesuits in these United States compiled by one who can speak at first hand as a lifelong friend and one time member of the Order. After a brief sketch of the Society, Dr. Walsh gives us brief biographies of Jesuit missionaries and martyrs, describes the Jesuit Relations and the use of the *ratio studiorum* in our colonial colleges, and records the honor roll of Jesuit patriots, educators, students, scientists, war chaplains, and workers in our asylums and prisons. He rightly says: "In every phase of life on this continent Jesuits have done deeds of daring for the benefit of others."

Things to Live For. By Francis Stuart (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Francis Stuart is gifted; he is successful; he has faced a good many different aspects of life, although not yet thirty-five. His latest volume contains the account of various personal experiences, — in an aëroplane, in a prison cell, at Lourdes, at the race track and elsewhere. He writes smoothly enough

of course, but one questions if after all, such reflections and comments as these really possess any value.

SCIENCE: **Through Space and Time.** By Sir James Jeans (New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00). At Christmas, 1933, Sir James Jeans was invited to deliver the Royal Institution Lectures—a series given each year to an audience ranging in respect of age from under 8 to over 80 and in respect of scientific knowledge from the little child to venerable professors of science. The eight chapters of the present book reproduce the substance of those lectures. The reader is taken on a journey to a point in space where our earth looks no larger than the tiniest mote in a sunbeam and to a point in time from which the whole of human history seems like the twinkling of an eye. We look on while an inconspicuous grain of sand—our sun—is broken up into a family of planets, one of which, beginning as a globe of hot gas, gradually cools and becomes the earth. Naturally the author has to include more than a few really learned and scientifically precise passages in his descriptions, but he has given us a useful and indeed rather an exciting book. No wonder that more than 300,000 of his last four volumes have been sold in England and America.

Exploring with the Microscope. By Raymond F. Yates (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.00). Now that a reasonably powerful microscope can be purchased by a person of average means, there is fairly wide need of a book written by an amateur for amateurs. The volume before us seems to be precisely this. The author delights in the admission that he is not an authority in the field of science, but just an everyday individual in the grip of a hobby; and he has written for the reader who does not know his scientific A B C's and to whom rigid method and precise technique are wholly foreign. Avoiding all "highbrow terminology," he talks the language of newspapers, magazines and mystery stories. He aims chiefly to humanize a fascinating hobby and to communicate some of his own enthusiasm to the man or boy,—we think he would not object to including woman or girl,—who seeks to escape boredom by means of the microscope. The instructions are explicit and practical; the experiments are simple and absorbing. As a further aid to the beginner, the author explains just how accessories can be constructed and offers both illustrations and diagrams.

SOCIAL SCIENCES: **The Pipe Dream of Peace.** By John W. Wheeler-Bennett (New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.00). This book is a sequel to three previous works which traced the history of the problem of international security during the ten years following the Peace Conference at Paris. It is an account of the General Disarmament Conference which opened in February, 1932, and still officially survives. The author, one of the best informed students of international affairs in Europe, makes plain his view that the present situation is most serious and traces the trouble first to the glaring mistakes of the Allied Powers at the Peace Conference, and secondly, to their obstinate persistence in attempting to keep Germany in a state of permanent subjection. A more friendly attitude towards the Republic, which they themselves had created, would have forestalled the present crisis.

Now Europe has either to take up arms in defense of the Treaty of Versailles, or to acquiesce in its revision and watch the gradual building up of a Nazi Bloc of States from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

Why Wars Must Cease. By Ten Authors (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00). Ten years ago, eleven women's organizations, numbering some five million members, formed a National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War. That Committee, on its tenth anniversary, issues this book in which ten different writers give reasons why wars must cease. To the limited vision of this reviewer, they seem to be beating a dead horse. Few readers, at least in the English-speaking world, we fancy, will need to be persuaded that wars must cease. But practically everybody is puzzled as to the way in which this desirable aim may be achieved, and that would be a problem worthy of intensive ten years' study by this or any other Committee.

Ethics of Peace and War. By H. Gigon, Ph.D. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 2 *s.*). Father Gigon's little book is in part a *résumé* of the teaching of Catholic theology, and in part (about one quarter) a criticism of Father Franziskus Stratmann's study, *The Church and War*. He presses home with remorseless logic the charge that Father Stratmann has overstated the case for pacifism. The criticism, on the whole, is justified and yet the difference between these two writers is chiefly theoretical. Both are reluctant to justify war except in extreme cases. Father Gigon, however, weighs his words more carefully and is, one must admit, more precise and consistent in the formulation of his thesis.

Germany Unmasked. By Robert Dell (London: Martin Hopkinson, Ltd. 5 *s.*). There is no mincing of words in this little treatise, a discussion of Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, the English translation of which, as Mr. Dell takes care to point out, omits a great many significant passages contained in the original. The author has small patience with those who believe that the Treaty of Versailles made possible the success of the Nazi movement. He thinks that neither Sir John Simon nor Lloyd George has any adequate idea of the danger involved in treating Germany on a basis of equality. He finds it difficult to decide whether or not at present it is too late for intervention. He believes on the one hand that Nazi-Germany would be a danger to civilization even if it did not plan war; on the other hand, that the complete militarization now under way in Germany, must inevitably lead to war, however long postponed. The Appendix contains, in English and German, 120 pages of instructions for German propaganda issued in 1933.

Religion: The Spirit World About Us. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $1.50). In these well packed pages Father Husslein sets forth clearly and completely the Church's teaching with regard to the angels, good and bad. With the liturgy, the Fathers, the schoolmen and above all the Sacred Scriptures as guides, he describes their nature, their intelligence, their activity, their choirs, their hierarchies. He mentions the angels in the Old and New Testaments who were sent as special messengers to man. He sketches briefly the fall of the angels, the existence of the devil and evil spirits with

their limited power to tempt us, and condemns the necromancy of the old law and its counterpart in modern spiritualism. The volume is beautifully illustrated with copies of the paintings of Fra Angelico, Doré, Lebrun, Murillo, Reni, Romano, and Del Sarto, and enriched with many an apt quotation from Faber, Lowell, Cardinal Newman and Francis Thompson.

Give This Man Place. By Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D. (Union City, N. J.: The Sign Press. $1.50). The title of this volume of meditations on St. Joseph is somewhat misleading, as it gives no clue to the book's contents. Father Blunt derives it from an incident in the life of Pope Pius IX. A great artist was asked by the Pope to paint a picture in remembrance of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He pictured St. Joseph in a group lost in a cloud of light. The Pope remarked: "Place St. Joseph at the side of our Lord, for that is his place in heaven." The New Testament is practically silent on the life of St. Joseph, but the very fact that he was chosen to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin and the foster-father of Our Lord is ample enough proof of his supereminent sanctity. Father Blunt in these simple meditations views him as a man of hope, of light, of the law—a man, a teacher, a laborer, just, obedient, courageous, silent, sorrowing.

Eucharistia. Encyclopédie populaire sur l'Eucharistie. Publiée sous la direction de Maurice Brillant (Paris: Bloud et Gay. 60 *fr.*). The latest number in the collection known as *Les Manuels du Catholique d'Action*, is a popular encyclopedia on the Eucharist—of over one thousand pages. The subject is envisaged from every side, and the individual articles, more than thirty in number, are contributed by a group of distinguished collaborators including Chanoine Bardy, Dom Cabrol, Abbé Constant, Père de la Taille, Abbé Pourrat and others hardly less well known. Exegesis, history, theology, spiritual doctrine, canon law and liturgy, apologetics, literature and art—each is considered in logical order; and special bibliographies are attached to each section. The illustrations number four hundred, some of them being of the very highest historical and artistic interest. There is a lexicon (47 pages) of the principal authors who have treated of the Eucharist, and a very complete index. The reader will find a vast amount of information on topics ranging from the critical value of Eucharistic texts in the New Testament to the decree of Pius X. on the Communion of children. The care displayed in its preparation, and the price at which it is offered, make it a very good investment.

How to Teach the Catechism. By Right Rev. Msgr. M. A. Schumacher, M.A. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Vols. II. and III. $2.00 each). Vol. II. for grades IV.-VI. and Vol. III. for grades VII.-VIII., continue the admirable series of Manuals for teachers of the Baltimore Catechism. Each answer is supplemented with notes, examples, explanations, references. The program which covers each month of the school year is divided into units so that the teacher may easily prepare the class work and gauge the extent of her labor for each day.

The Christ-Life Series in Religion. By Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., Ph.D., and Dom Basil Stegmann, O.S.B., S.T.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. Books I., II. and III., 60, 64 and 68 cents). These are the first three

in a series of books for the religious instruction of children planned on the all-important but constantly ignored theory that it is not enough for the child to have a knowledge of Christian Doctrine plus habits of piety, but that religious instruction should aim primarily to teach the child to *live* his religion. The liturgical year is used as the basis of the series, and literature, art, music, nature study and dramatics are recommended as correlative media. The series is divided into eight books to correspond with the school grades and a Teachers' Manual accompanies each four books.

The Pink Book of Medal Stories, The Blue Book of Medal Stories. By the Daughters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Md. (Racine, Wis.: Whitman Publishing Co. 10 cents each). Two charming little story books in the Rainbow Series, bound attractively in stiff covers and brimming with delightful illustrations, can, we are informed, be obtained at the Ten Cent Stores, as well as through the ordinary channels, and we urge our readers to avail themselves of this opportunity to give children worthwhile pleasure at a nominal cost.

New Ideal Catholic Readers (New York: The Macmillan Co. 16 to 56 cents). Another series of Catholic readers is compiled by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Boston. Centered around the doings of Dick and Dot are a Pre-Primer, a Primer and a Project Book, all amply supplied with pictures and well designed to interest and instruct the child.

MISCELLANEOUS: **The Great Design.** Edited by Frances Mason. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Thomson (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This well-intended book has on the whole fulfilled the editor's twofold purpose: to awaken interest in the works of nature; and to show that behind nature we can see evidence of an Infinite Intelligence. Fourteen men of science were asked to tell what they find in their respective departments to suggest the presence of strict order. Some of them come through handsomely; one or two display the characteristics of *l'enfant terrible*. Any thoughtful reader will find the volume rich in information and saturated with suggestion. It is the sort of book which many of us have been wishing for. At the same time, as hinted above, one comes rather frequently upon evidences of those unscientific tendencies, which somehow or other seem to be characteristic of so many scientists. Rare is the man who sticks to his last.

Antichrist. An Essay on Evil. By Joseph Roth (New York: The Viking Press. $2.25). Joseph Roth, the Austrian novelist, is best known to Americans by his *Job, Flight Without End* and *Radetzky March*. In his latest book he calls attention to the evils of the day, poetically ascribing them all to the spirit of Antichrist. He denounces the movies for their gross immorality and their glorification of war; the League of Nations for its failure to bring about peace among nations; the tyranny of the Soviet government and its anti-God propaganda; the tyranny of the German Nazis and their bitter persecution of the Jews; the European nations for their enslavement of the colored races; capitalism for its unbridled seeking after monies, etc., etc. The last chapter ridicules the concordat of Germany with the Pope, the Nazis promising to destroy the Jews, and extirpate the godless on condition that the Holy Father grant them per-

mission to shoot and stab only seven times a week.

The Modern Encyclopedia. Edited by A. H. McDannald, B.L. (New York: William Wise & Co. $1.95). The reader will find more than 1,300 pages, nearly 1,200 line drawings and 22,000 articles in the seventh edition of this one-volume offshoot of the *Encyclopedia Americana.* It is handy, reasonably priced, and, so far as we can discover, an unbiased source of information on a great variety of subjects. Inevitably, it is uneven,—that is to say it contains some items of no importance whereas it omits others of greater significance.

Dictionary of Foreign Terms. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00). This dictionary of foreign terms is really several dictionaries rolled into one. It is the first attempt of its kind and contains 11,000 entries from 56 languages. To be sure some readers will look for favorite phrases without finding them and some will come upon misprints; but, everything considered, the author seems to have executed a difficult piece of work carefully and well.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box,* etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose, Dear Prue's Husband and Other People,* etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer,* etc.

J. T. G.: Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D., editor of *The Colored Harvest,* Baltimore, Md.; author of *The Catholic Church and the American Negro,* etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. F. W.: Robert F. Wilberforce, C.B.E., barrister and diplomat, Director of the British Library of Information, New York City.

T. C. P.: Rev. Theodore C. Petersen, C.S.P., writer and critic, Professor of Scripture, St. Paul's College, Washington, D. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton-Century Co., New York:
Mary Magdalen. By Edith Olivier. $1.50. *Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary.* By E. L. Thorndike. $2.00.

The Dial Press, New York:
Symphonic Masterpieces. By Olin Downes. $2.75.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Golden Fleece. By William Rose Benét. $2.50. *Abraham Prince of Ur.* By W. G. Hardy. $2.50.

Farrar & Rinehart, New York:
One Light Burning. By R. C. Hutchinson. $2.50.

Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York:
The Abbey of Evolayne. By Paul Régnier. Translated by Samuel Sloan. $2.00.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Peace and the Plain Man. By Norman Angell. $2.50. *Dickens.* By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. $2.00.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Catholics in Colonial Days. By Rev. Thomas P. Phelan, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D. $2.50. *A History of the Legal Incorporation of Catholic Church Property in the United States (1784-1932).* By Rev. Patrick J. Dignan, Ph.D. $3.00. *Catechism of Psychology for Nurses.* By Rev. Hilarion Duerk. $2.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Seven Oracles from the Cross. By William Norman Guthrie. $1.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. $2.50. *A Winter Diary and Other Poems.* By Mark Van Doren. $1.90. *Wheel and Butterflies.* By W. B. Yeats. $2.00. *With Harp and Lute.* By Blanche Jennings Thompson. $1.25.

William Morrow & Co., New York:
The Sentimental Journey. By Hugh Kingsmill. $2.50. *What Is American Literature?* By Carl Van Doren. $1.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:
Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. 2 vols. $10.00. *The Legal Position of the Holy See Before and After the Lateran Agreements.* By Mario Falco. Translated by A. H. Campbell. $1.00.

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York:
Development of Modern English. By Stuart Robinson. $2.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
High Spots in the Andes. By Josephine Hoeppner Woods. $2.75.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Islandman. By Tomás Ó Crohan. $2.50.

Sheed & Ward, New York:
The Pope from the Ghetto. By Gertrud Von Le Fort. Translated by Conrad M. R. Bonacina. $2.50.

Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, New York:
Claudius the God. By Robert Graves. $3.00.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
Make It New. By Ezra Pound. $3.75.

Hale, Cushman & Flint, Boston:
I Speak for the Silent. By Vladimir Tchernavin. Translated by N. M. Oushakoff. $2.50.

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C.:
Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States: Inter-American Affairs, 1831-1860. Selected and arranged by William R. Manning, Ph.D. Vol. IV. $5.00.

Seminary Press, Cleveland, Ohio:
Sound Spending. By Rev. Joseph F. Walsh, M.A.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee:
Sermons for Lent. By Rev. John F. Burns, Ph.D., O.S.A. 75 cents. *Following Christ through the Mass.* Compiled and Adapted by Rev. Bernard C. Loeher. 75 cents.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Follow the Furies. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. $2.50.

McClelland & Stewart, Toronto:
Constructive Eugenics and Rational Marriage. By Morris Siegel, M.D. $2.50.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London:
The Lutheran Origin of the Anglican Ordinal. By E. C. Messenger, Ph.D. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* *The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* *The Franciscan Message to the World.* By Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M. 7 *s.* 6 *d.* *Fifty-six Years a Missionary in China.* By Mother St. Austin, H.H.S. 5 *s.*

The Catholic Truth Society, London:
Studies in Comparative Religion. Edited by Rev. E. C. Messenger, Ph.D. Vols. 1, 2, 3. 3 *s.* each.

Desclée de Brouwer et Cie., Paris:
Erasme. Par Th. Quoniam. Collection "Temps et Visages." 15 *fr.*

Bureaux de Recueil, Louvain:
Newman en zijn Idea of a University. By Paul Sobry.